

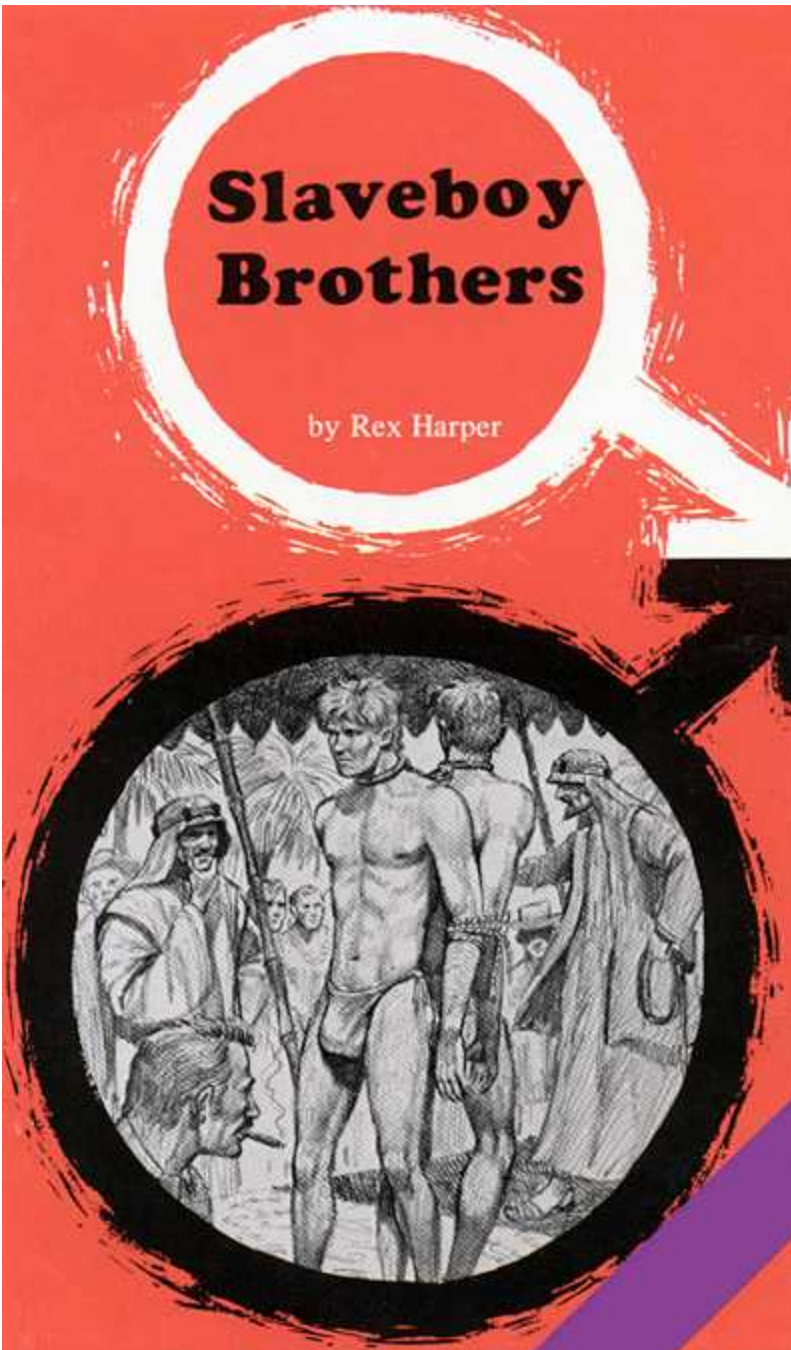
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harper) 1978

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AC-185 SLAVEBOY BROTHERS by Rex Harper

FOREWORD

The psychology of victims of violence has become an area of widespread interest lately, due perhaps to the widely publicized conversion of Patty

Hearst to the radical SLA. Why a person will suddenly turn and become a party to his or her own victimization is a question open to hot debate.

Jack and Jerry have been cruelly sold into slavery by their father. They find themselves in the role of slaves to a master who derives pleasure from the agony he inflicts upon them and other teens. There is no escape for Jack and Jerry, and as his total subservience continues, as they are forced to yield to strangers who "rent" his services, they are shocked to find that they no longer want to escape -- that they have come to love being slaves.

SLAVEBOY BROTHERS -- the story of teens caught up in a web of violence and degradation. The startling tale of a murky underworld few people acknowledge exists. A message for today's society.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

"Owwwww! Jesus, Jerry -- what the fuck are you tryin' to do to me?"

"Shut up, asshole! Uh... shit! Let me get my cock in your asshole, Jack!"

"Not like that -- ow! Use something, for Christ's sake! Get the Vaseline!"

"Shit! Uhhhhh! Yeahhhhhh!"

Eighteen-year-old Jerry Jordan gasped as he worked his cockhead against his twin brother's rectum. The dry burning flesh became irritated, hurting as Jack tried to fight against the intruder. The blond teen on the bottom was pinned to the double bed by his naked brother, Jack's arm twisted behind his back. He gasped again as Jerry rotated his hips, stabbing against the sphincter.

"Damn you! I'll get you for this!"

"Sure you will, babe!"

Jerry felt the puckered opening yielding to his pressure and bit his lower lip as he thrust again. His brother gasped, gathering the sheet tightly in his fingers.

"Sure you will! Goddamn! Comin'!"

Jack sucked in breath, their his tongue slammed against the opening to his throat as Jerry's burning six-inch rod broke through the barricade and stabbed across the top of his shit tube. The teen closed his eyes, face contorted in pain, until the breath whooshed out again, and he sighed in sudden pleasure.

"Ohhhhhh, God!"

"Ouch! Shit!"

Jerry yelped at the same moment, his foreskin worked painfully back beneath his glans. He dropped his face against Jack's back as he withdrew his cock just enough to ease the pressure, his long blond hair tumbling forward, tangling with his twin's to drop on either side of the handsome teen's neck.

"Ohhhhh, yeah! Baby... baby! I love you, Jack!"

"Shithead!"

Jack pushed back against the penetrating invader, his face buried against the sheet, his smile hidden from his brother. His fists unclenched, rubbed against the slippery surface of the sheet, and a long sigh of pleasure escaped his lips.

"You love it, don't you, babe?"

"Bastard!" Jack pushed back, milking the throbbing cock shaft with his sphincter. "Damnit, why don't you do it?"

At the insistent question the teen on top pushed into his brother's body, another half-inch of cock sliding though to push the cockhead against the mass of shit. Jerry's breath escaped from his nostrils as he bit down on his lip, hot against Jack's shoulder. He prodded again, tightening his belly, almost five of his inches inside.

"Oh, baby... baby! I love you, Jack!"

"Yeah. Shithead, I love you, too."

"You love my cock!" he said, thrusting. "So fuck me, damn you!"

"Yeahhhhhhhhhh!"

Jerry's belly muscles tightened and he cried out against the exquisite pain-pleasure coursing through the meat of his cock as Jack squeezed down suddenly, using all of his strength. Jerry jumped against the pressure, his belly sliding against Jack's ass. He slammed deeper, the last inch of his cock riding all of the way down into Jack's hot opening until his sparse pubic

bush was pinched by the clutching ass cheeks. Jack tightened again, pulling some of Jerry's cock hair.

"Ow! Damn! Don't do that, Jack!"

"Then fuck me! Damn you!"

"All right -- take my cock!"

His hands grabbed his brother's sides, the thumbs working along Jack's ribs as Jerry pulled back until the glans of his cock was barely locked within the sphincter. Jack grunted, his face contorted as he brought as much pressure as he could to bear against the retreating prick, not wanting to lose the wonderful sensation. Jerry fell back again, riding all of the way down into his brother's wide open bottom entrance, slamming his chest and his chin against Jack's tight compacted musculature.

"OH! OH, JESUSSSSSSS! FUCK!"

"Yeah! Fuck me, Jerry -- fuck me hard!"

"YES! YES! BABY! BABY, I LOVE YOU!"

Thrusting, Jerry rode deep into his brother's welcoming body, his slender prick swelling larger until the cockhead ached as the sensitive nerve endings pushed against the burning walls of Jack's intestines. But the ache was forgotten, ignored in the pleasure coursing through the rest of the teen's body, through Jerry's balls and his belly, warmth spreading out from the exploding center of his groin to soothe and heat every other part of his being.

"OH, FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

"FUCK ME, JERRY! FUCK... MEEEEEEEE!"

"TAKE IT! TAKE MY COCK!"

Jerry screamed his lust against Jack's ears. The sensations coursing through his cock and his gut echoed in his twin's asshole and intestines.

Jack tried to thrust his ass back against each stroke of Jerry's failing cock, chasing it when he retreated, trying to slam up with his buttocks as hard as Jerry slammed down.

"OH, SHIT, BABY... SHIT!"

Belly met asshole, slapping loudly, the teens burning. Sweat poured out of their glans to soak the sheets that quickly twisted with their wild thrustings and tumblings. The hard muscular ass of the teen on the bottom pounded up against Jerry's groin, bruising his twin's flesh where it met hip and pelvis, the tender tissues aching. But Jerry ignored the pain, ignored everything except the wonderful throbbing sensations that coursed again and again through the shape of his cock.

"FUCK ME, JERRY! GOD, FUCK ME!"

Jack sobbed and sobbed again, then gasped for breath as he thrust his asshole back and up, against his brother's wonderful penetrating prick.

His own cock was trapped between his belly and the sheets, riding hard, crossing a twisted wrinkle that hurt the base of his glans. Then Jerry rode out again and the teen on the bottom managed to reach one hand beneath his belly to cup his cock.

"OWWWWWWW!"

He yelped as Jerry dropped again, Jack's wrist cracking painfully against the hip socket. But on Jerry's next withdrawal Jack was able to straighten the wrinkle and on the following stroke ease his trapped balls. Then Jerry dropped again, screaming out his pleasure.

"Shit! Shit! Tight ass!"

"Oh, Christ! Christ! Christ!"

Jack freed his hand again. His tears wet the sheet beneath his face and he snorted against the mucous in his nostrils as he fought back against his

twin's punishing prick. The heavy bed rocked with the force of Jerry's blows as the teens fucked together.

"CHRIST! CHRIST HELP ME! FUCK ME!"

"TIGHT ASSHOLE! HOT ASSHOLE!"

"FUCK FUH... UHHH... UHHHHH! FUCK ME!"

"TAKE IT! TAKE IT! TAKE IT!"

Oblivious to the world around them, to the soft night air coming through the open window of their bedroom, Jerry continued to thrust his cock deep into his willing brother's asshole, expending all of his strength as he drilled his prick deep into Jack's body. The shit mass was broken, the greasy stuff lubricating the head and the body of his prick, making the penetration easier -- and making it riskier at the same time.

"Don't pull out! Damn you, don't!"

Jack tightened down again as Jerry's cockhead almost slipped from the tight lock of his clutching sphincter. His fingers dug again into the sheet as Jerry's prick started to double against his belly. The twin fought his downward plunge, regained balance and repositioned his cockhead against the slippery entrance.

"Ohhhhhhh, yeah! Yeah!"

Jack sighed with pleasure again as he felt the swelling cockhead push back through his ring, and again tightened down to prevent it escaping.

Jerry gasped above him, wining. Jerry gasped above him, win penetration and retreat, this time slowing to keep two full inches of his cock buried inside Jack's tube.

"AHHHHHHH, SHIT! JESUS! JESUSSSSSSS!"

Tears of pleasure filled Jerry's eyes as he regained his position within Jack's body. His stroking slowed for a moment as he adjusted to the new

circumstances, then resumed, carefully timed to keep his prick locked inside the opening of his twin.

"Oh, God! Ohhhh! Fuck me, Jerry! Fuck me!"

"Baby! Babbyyyyyyy!"

"Harder! Damn you, HARDER!"

"Oh! OH! OH! I... can't! Baby... I can't! I'll fall out!"

"Shit! SHIT!"

Jack thrust back again, against Jerry's falling cock, until he found the new rhythm. The twins' hearts slowed slightly, Jerry breathing softly against Jack's back. The top teen rose over his twin on stiffened arms, until he could look down the length of his body and see his cock disappearing at each stroke into Jack's muscular buttocks. The teen on the bottom writhed in ecstasy.

"Ohhhhhhhhh! Jerry! JERRY!"

"Yeah! YEAH! BABY! BABY!"

"Good! GOOD! FUCK ME!"

"Good, baby! Hot! TIGHT! GOOD!"

The face of the teen on the bottom was wreathed in a broad smile as the pace of their fucking increased again, although not quite to the same wild madness as before. Jerry worked his cock deep into Jack, through the clutching walls of his eager brother's intestines, his cockhead rubbing from side to side as he began a slow corkscrewing motion that quickly had Jack screaming with his lust.

"OH, GOD! FUCK! FUCK MEEEEEE!"

Jerry felt as though his body was hollow inside, filled with helium and blowing up like a balloon as he continued to thrust deep into Jack. The

sensation was everywhere, but it was most obvious and most wonderful in the throbbing shaft of his cock. His beautiful cock! Oh, God! Could anything in the whole goddamn world be so good? Feel so wonderful?

"SHIT... BABY! SHIT!"

"FUCK! FUCK ME, JERRY! FUCK... MEEEEEEEE!"

It was too much. There was a limit to what the body, the human heart --

even a strong young body and the strongest young heart -- could stand in the way of pressure. Jerry thrust deep one final time into his twin brother's asshole and exploded.

"JESUSSSSSSSSS! GOD!"

His balls shattered into component atoms that erupted through the universe with nuclear disintegration that turned to pure energy. And beneath him Jack felt the bombs go off within his body as his brother's ejaculation nearly blew him across the bed, Jerry's arms collapsing against one final slam across the teen's back.

"CUM... CUM... Cum... COMIN'!"

"OH, SHIT! SHIT! NOT YET! DAMN YOU, NOT YET!"

"Oh, babbyyyyyyyyyyy!"

"DAMN! DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!"

Jack felt Jerry collapse above him, against him, his twin's last hot breath sighing over his back and his shoulders as all of Jerry's strength evaporated through the tube in his cock. The teen's thumbs were touching Jack's upper arms, and then even that contact became too much to maintain. The fists doubled over, fell away, Jerry's feet turning away from where big toes and companions had rested against the cords above Jack's heels. Only the teen's cock continued to throb within Jack's ass, to the slowing beating of his heart, as though it were still working in ejaculation.

"Oh, shit! Jerry..."

"Yeah, baby... baby!"

For several minutes the twin teens lay together, exhausted from the act of fucking, Jack willingly accepting the burden of his brother's weight.

The cock within his rectum softened, retreating to let the walls come closer, together, the balls dropping down the ass crack to rest against the bottom teen's own. But the shaft was still kept prisoner within the tube by the weight of its owner's body. Jack sighed and worked his sphincter a time or two, trying to restore life.

"Ow! Don't Jack!"

"But I want you to fuck me, dammit!"

"I'm dead!"

"Don't you dare die! I want your cock!"

Jerry managed a small laugh, his belly hollowing against his brother's buttocks as his fingers stroked Jack's upper arms again.

"Shithead. Dumb ass bastard!"

"Fuckass... fuck me, Jerry! In the ass!"

"No... you fuck me. In the mouth."

Jerry's tongue pushed out of dry lips, swollen, to taste Jack's sweat.

The bottom teen flexed his asshole again, drawing another groan and then he raised up on one hip, Jerry falling away. The cock came free of the asshole with a soft plop, to rest across his drawn-up thigh as he dropped onto his back.

Jack's asshole felt empty as he raised to look at his brother. Jerry's cock was limp, although still swollen and tender but Jack's cock was still burning

hard and tight against his belly, his balls drawn up by the supporting muscles.

"You're beautiful," he said, reaching out to pinch the small white nipples on Jerry's chest until the teen gasped at the sensation. They were erecting. Jack batted one back and forth with his finger -- then fell against it, sucking it into his mouth and gently biting.

"Bastard! Jack -- Jesus!"

"I love you, Jerry," said his twin, raising his head. "Even if you are the world's biggest asshole. I love every part of you."

To prove his point he started slobbering kisses across Jerry's nakedness, smacking loudly, then stopping short.

"Jesus! Your cock is all shitty!"

"It's your shit, asshole."

"Wash it off!" demanded Jack. "I won't suck it like that."

"You wash it for me."

"Lazy bastard!"

"Is that any way to speak to the cock you love?"

"Swell-headed lazy bastard!"

But Jack slid his ass off the bed and hurried to their bathroom. It was a pleasant room, with pennants and Indian prints on the wall, a yachting rug on the floor, models and scattered over desks and dressers. Old schoolbooks were crammed into a bookcase, unneeded -- for school had let out for the summer this very day.

Jerry's eyes closed, drifting on the edge of sleep as Jack returned and washed his cock with a hot cloth. The twins were a match in every way, just

five feet tall, each with slender hips and well-muscled shoulders, each weighing 180 pounds.

"Jesus! Take it easy!"

Jerry gasped as Jack dried his cock and balls vigorously with the rough towel. Then Jack sucked his brother's reddened shaft deep into his throat and bit down gently, sawing his teeth back and forth.

"Ow! Bastard!"

"I want to eat you all up! Come on, Jerry -- you said I could mouth-fuck you!"

"Shit -- a fuckin' sex maniac!"

But Jerry turned on his side, Jack scooting around until they lay facing each other, cock to mouth. Jack quickly sucked Jerry's again-throbbing prick into his mouth, taking it against his throat and wriggling his ass against Jerry's face.

"Suck me! Damn you!"

Jerry grabbed his twin's cock, forced to pry it away from Jack's belly to bring the burning dry cockhead against his lips. He studied the erection, tracing the great vein with his finger. Jack sucked, his cheeks hollowing, and thrust his prick, trying to force his way into his twin's lips as he wrapped his own arms around Jerry's ass.

"Suck, damn you! SUCK ME!"

Jack shouted out his demand and buried himself in Jerry's groin again, his twin's cockhair tickling his nose. Jerry swallowed, bending Jack's cock closer to his lips. He could see a small red heart-shaped birthmark on his brother's right testicle. He knew he had the same mark on his own left nut. Right-handed, left nut marked; left-handed, right nut marked.

His tongue turned the egg-shaped testicle, and he opened his mouth, taking Jack's balls between his hungry teeth. Jack wiggled against him as Jerry

sucked, and gasped as the other twin took both of his testicles at the same time.

"Jesus! JERRY!"

Snickering, Jerry relented and turned his attention to the cockhead. He licked his tongue through the droplet of clear golden fluid welling in the urethra. It tasted bitter, not at all like Jack's sweet cum. Before the taste was gone he took the burning cockhead into his mouth.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Jack slammed against Jerry, driving his cock into his twin's throat. The teen strangled, beating at Jack's ass with his free hand, and relaxed, accepting the penetration. Jack began to fuck into his throat, increasing his own sucking pressure, Jerry's cock once again hard in the soothing coolness of his brother's mouth.

"OH! MMMMMM!"

Jack and Jerry sighed against the throbbing pricks in their mouths, and sucked down with all of their strength. The cockheads rode in the tight constrictions of the twin throats, but were familiar there, comfortable and pleasurable there. Jerry's tongue pushed against Jack's cock, while Jack's throat milked his brother's shaft until, all too soon, they felt the tingling in their balls that meant explosion was again on its way.

"GAGGGHHHHHHH!"

"GLOGG! GUGGLGLEEE! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Their twin balls erupted, sending their spurts deep into eager bellies without touching the tongues, the sucking mouths, without being tasted.

The twins sucked harder, drawing all of the cum out as they thrust deep, sighing against the hot sweaty shape of each other's groin...

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?"

CHAPTER TWO

The harsh voice cut through the room, freezing the twins against each other for the space of three heartbeats. Then Jerry pulled off of Jack's cock, looked around.

"Da... Dad!"

"Dad!" said Jack, a second later.

Their father stood in the doorway, leaning against the jamb, fire in his eyes. His blond hair fell across his forehead and he shook it away, and the twins realized he was drunk. And mean.

"I asked a question, you goddamn faggot bastards! What the fuck shit is this you think you're pulling?"

Jerry swallowed, trying to find words, rolling away from his brother. He became conscious of his burning cock, wet with Jack's saliva, pressing tight against his belly. He tried to cover it with his hands, regretting that it was so big.

"What..." The teen swallowed. "What are you doing home so early, Dad?"

"You'd like to know that, wouldn't you?" sneered the man. "Well, smart-ass, for your information I came home, because I lost the goddamn bar!

Yeah, they took it away from me today, and they're taking the house, too.

Come Monday we're all out on our asses!"

"Dad..."

"Shut up!"

He swung on Jack, his hand raised, and stopped there, staring at the twin's throbbing cock. For ten seconds all three were frozen. Then the man

lowered his hand to his belt, unbuckling it and slowly pulling it loose from its loops. His eyes still on his sons, he grasped the buckle in his hand and wrapped the wide leather strap twice around his fist, then doubled what was left and cracked it against the other hand.

"Fucking queers! I shoulda known you two bastards were up to something -
-

yeah, bastards! You heard me right!"

He shot the last as the twins winced. Stepping closer, he let the belt swing loose again. His step was uncertain and he shook his head once against the alcoholic imbalance.

"I knew that goddamn mother of yours was a tramp when I married her. God knows whose kid's you are -- you sure as shit don't belong me!"

His comments were unfair, for the twins were the very image of himself at their age... even to their cocks. The twins were unwilling to believe he was going to whip them even as he raised the belt over his left shoulder and cracked it down with all of his strength.

"Owwwwwwwwww!"

Jack jumped and screamed as the leather strap painted a broad white mark across his side and arm, catching the head of his cock. His erection was lost instantly, and a second later blood rushed into the mark, turning it to bright red. The twin buried his face in the sheets, his ass raised up to present a tempting target for the second blow.

"Owwwww! OWWWWWWW! DON'T... DON'T HIT ME!"

"Dad..."

"Shut up!" The third stroke fell against Jerry. "Goddamn queer bastard!"

Bastards! I oughta fuckin' kill the both of ya!"

"No, please -- OWWWWWWW!"

It was Jerry's turn to jump, turning away from his father's wrath, burying himself beside Jack. The two teens lay with their sides together, shivering and rocking as the leather belt fell again and again, the man whipping the exposed surfaces of their bodies until pain stabbed through every nerve ending.

"Goddamn freaks! Suckin' cocks! Jesus Christ, what the fuck did that goddamn bitch stick on me? Thank God the goddamn whore is dead! Dead!"

The belt fell again and again, punctuating his words, the twins screaming until they were hoarse. Then they gasped for breath, the merciless beating continuing, the strap biting every square inch of flesh their father could reach, from their toes to their faces.

"Please!" begged Jerry. "Please, stop! STOP!"

"DON'T!" sobbed. Jack. "DAD! DAD!"

"Daaaaad-dy! Daaaaad-dy!" he echoed, mocking the twin's cries. "Don't goddamn Dad me! You fuckin' freak! Freak!"

"Ohhhhhh! Oh, please! Please!"

"Oh, GOD! GOD! DON'T! DONT HIT ME! NO MORE! PLEASE, NO! OWWWWWWW!"

The belt continued to lash the twins, their father gasping for breath until his lungs ached and tears of rage stung his eyes. At last he threw the belt against the twins, the buckle cracking at the base of Jerry's skull, and wiped his arm across his face, removing some of the sweat. He hacked the clear phlegm from his throat, leaning against the foot of the bed.

"Bastards! Fucking queers -- see how you fucking like this!"

Over his gasping for breath and Jack's soft moans of pain, Jerry heard the rip of a zipper and then the rustle of clothing. He raised his head, looking around -- saw his father stepping out of his trousers, his shoes already

kicked off. Now the man shrugged out of his shirt and his sleeveless undershirt, revealing a heavily muscled chest thick with his fur.

"Dad!" The twin stared in shock.

"Yeah, Dad -- Dad's cock! How you like this, shit?"

The man cupped his growing erection, which was bulging his yellow-stained jockey shorts that, along with his socks, were the only articles of clothing still on him. The twins stared in disbelief, Jack looking around now, as the cock pushed the waistband of the shorts away from their father's belly.

"You like cock? You'll fucking love this one!"

He roared the words and stripped his shorts down from his waist, revealing a growing nine-inch erection, the head swollen and bright red, the foreskin worked back from the glans, where it was yellow with his fluids. Glowering at his sons, the man rubbed his thumb over the large hole in the head, smearing pre-coital fluid until it wet the whole glans.

"Who wants it first?" he sneered, coming close to the edge of the bed.

"You, asshole?"

The question was directed at Jerry, but the teen shook his head in fright.

"You cocksucker, come here!"

The man grabbed Jerry by the ankle, dragging the teen to the edge of the bed. Jerry didn't try to resist when his father grabbed him by the hair and slammed his face against the tremendous prick, smearing it across his nose. The teen tried to swallow a sob.

"Smell a real man, bastard! You like that?"

Jerry shook his head, a small motion, the teen frightened out of his wits by the mad glare in his father's eyes. The man laughed.

"Shit, you'll love it! Suck it!"

The cockhead slammed against the teen's teeth, and the man cursed again as pain raked his sexual flesh. He bent Jerry's head back until his neck ached with the strain and pushed his prick against the teen's mouth again.

"I said suck it -- now -- or I'll knock your goddamn teeth down your queer fucking throat!"

He jerked the teen's head again, Jerry this time opening his jaws before the cockhead bounced off him. The terrible cock slammed inside, his father holding the back of the teen's head, forcing him down.

"Glaggggh! AGGGHHHHHH!"

Jerry tried to fight free, seeing stars, tears swimming across his vision, and the man relented. But the cockhead remained in Jerry's mouth, and now the twin worked around onto his knees, his father holding him by the ears, to suck it properly.

"Shit! You like that, you bastard!"

The man stared in disgust at his son as the twin's head bobbed up and down, taking almost half of the tremendous cock, until it slammed against his dangling uvula and could go no farther. The teen's jaws ached with the strain of holding the burning steel prick, his teeth raking the flesh, his tongue molded around the great vein along the bottom of the shaft as he sucked.

"Yeah! Fucking queers -- bastards!"

He roared his disgust, calling them every name he could think of, but he never released his hold on the twin's ears, forcing Jerry to suck him until suddenly the twin snorted against his cock, blowing mucous. That brought a crack beside the head, the blow knocking the teen away, almost off the far side of the bed.

"Fucking animal! JESUS!"

Wiping his mouth again, the man grabbed the top sheet and used it to wipe his cock clean. Then his eyes fell on the other twin, cringing as close to the headboard as the twin could reach. A slow grin moved across his face as he saw the fear in his son's eyes.

"You want to suck your dear Dad?"

Jack's head shook, slowly. "No, sir..."

"WHY NOT?" roared his father. "Isn't my goddamn cock as good as your queer fuckin' brother's? You sonofabitch -- come here!"

The twin's back was pressed tight against the headboard, Jerry between Jack and the edge of the mattress. There was no place for him to retreat.

His father leaned across the bed and caught the twin by the leg, dragging him down and turning him over at the same time, until his belly dragged through the wrinkled bedding.

"You don't want to suck my cock, asshole? Then take it this way!"

"No! NO! DAD, DON'T!"

Jack screamed as his father's cock rubbed against his asshole, the man holding the teen's hips and forcing him back against his burning erection. He grunted as he tried to force his way inside, but his cockhead rubbed dry against the reflexively tightened buttocks.

"Shit!"

Suddenly he let Jack drop, turning on his heels to leave the room. The teens heard him cross the hall, staring at each other with pounding hearts. "... what are we gonna do, Jerry?"

"Shhhhhh! He's coming back!"

The twins turned together to see the man come back into the bedroom, the little jar of Vaseline in his hand. He unscrewed the cap and tossed it aside

without watching to see where it landed, and scooped a generous glob of the stuff onto three fingers.

"Turn over, bastard!"

He roared the order at Jack again, and the twin quickly obeyed, afraid of what would happen if he tried to defy his father. Jerry saw the man eyeing Jack's tight buttocks a moment, and then his fingers stabbed for the entrance, the jar falling from his hand to bounce on the bed while he caught the twin's hip. Holding Jack tight, he worked the three fingers together through his rectum.

"OH! OH, NO-NO! PLEASE! OWWWWWWW!"

"Shut up! Fucking queer... you oughta be grateful for what you're getting!"

"IT HURTS! IT HURTS!"

"Shit! That's only my goddamn fingers -- what the hell are you gonna do when my cock's in there?"

"Please, Dad! PLEASE! DON'T!"

"Don't what, asshole?" He stabbed his fingers again, until the first joints were through the teens clutching sphincter, wiggling them around inside. The sensation stabbed through Jack's gut, pain and pleasure mixed together. "What don't you want Dad to do?"

"Please! Don't... don't fuck me!"

"Fuck you? You're goddamn right I'm gonna FUCK YOU!"

He was roaring again as he said the last, pulling his greasy fingers out of Jack's rectum to hold both of the teen's hips. Jack gasped as his ass was pulled back against his father's thighs, then raised and pushed away, the man positioning himself to stab in.

"OWWWWWW! OW OW OW OW! HURTING ME!"

The teen screamed as the cockhead moved against his rectum, even before it was through the sphincter -- and screamed again, losing his voice, as it stabbed into his body. His father grunted and gasped for breath, shaking his hair from his face as he turned the teens hips up and down, rotating him and screwing him down onto his cock.

"God!" Jack's voice was only a crack as he gasped again, begging for release. "Ple-aaaaaaaaaZZZZZ!"

The new gasp came as his father's belly muscles tightened and he thrust forward, the generous coating of grease easing the way. The great cock stabbed into the teen's rectum. It was almost twice as thick as his when Jerry penetrated him. The shit mass softened by Jerry's prick compacted into a tight mass as the cock continued to ride into the teen, until seven inches of meat were buried deep within him.

"Ha! Shit! Come here, asshole -- see what a real cock looks like!"

Afraid to disobey, Jerry came at his father's summons, moved around to where he could see the man's cock forcing the entrance into his son.

Nearly three inches of meat were still outside, and now he pulled back on the teen's hips again, forcing his way, the rest of his cock slowly disappearing. After thirty seconds his long curling pubic hairs tickled the smooth flesh, the white skin of his cock shaft just barely visible.

Then even that was gone, and he sighed, dropping his chest over the teen's back.

"Oh, shit! Shit! Jesus, you're tight!"

"Please!" sobbed Jack. "Please, Dad -- you're hurting me! I can't stand it!"

"Shit! You'll stand any goddamn thing I tell you to stand! Bastard!"

The twin's begging seemed to inflame the man's lust. He slid his hands up Jack's sides, caught the teen's arms, digging his nails into the flesh until Jack gasped again at the new source of pain. Then he reached beneath the

teen, Jack still on his knees, his face buried in the bedding, and pinched his tits with the same cruel force.

"OWWWWWWW! DONT... OOW!"

"Shit! You better pray to my cock! That's the only damn God that's gonna put you out of your misery!"

He stabbed again, and Jack jumped as the great cockshaft seemed to slam through the hollow of his guts, the teen feeling it all the way against his heart. The man moved again, pulling back and riding forward. Then he pushed the teen farther across the bed, climbing after him until he was kneeling over him, Jack's ass tight against his belly, the teen's feet between his father's knees.

"Fuck!" cried the man. "Shit, let's fuck!"

"Oh... oh... AHHHHHHH! Owwwwwww!"

Jack cried again as his father stabbed deep into his asshole, tightening automatically around the penetrating prick. The pressure made the man gasp with pleasure, and he once more lay forward, over his son's back, his cock working in steady slow strokings through the tender young asshole. The pace of the fucking rocked the mattress back and forth against the springs, until Jerry felt as if he were going to be seasick.

"Oh, shit! Oh, fuck! Christ! Hot asshole! Hot!"

"Please, Dad!" sobbed Jack. "Please! Don't... don't fuck me! Ohhhhh!"

"FUCK... you! FUCK... YOU! SHIT!"

The man crooned to himself as he rode all the way into his son, then slid back on the grease of the Vaseline until his cockhead was barely locked within the tight sphincter. Jack continued to sob, but the pain lessened as the working prick became familiar... seemed natural. Soon the sobs turned to sighs.

"Oh! Oh, oh... oh!"

"Yeah!" said his father. "Yeahhhhhh!"

"Oh, Dad! Dad, fuck me, Dad!"

Suddenly the man's eyes popped open as he heard his son's words, understood what Jack was saying. The teen continued to sigh, working his ass back against his father's sliding cock, his stomach hollowing every time the great shaft retreated.

"Oh, y... yes! Fuck me!"

The man-cock stabbed forward once more, burying itself deep within the teen, and then was yanked free, leaving Jack gasping as the air moved into his relaxed sphincter, cooling after the head of his father's prick.

"Bastard! Goddamn queer!"

The man stared at the twin in disgust and suddenly grabbed his other son, dragging Jerry down beside his brother. He leaned Jerry over and slammed his cock against the twin's tight ass, the shook of the blow and the remaining grease slamming it through the sphincter at first try.

"Owwwwwww! DAD! DAD!"

"You like it too? Goddamn queers! Fucking queen! Shit! Shit!"

Jack fell on his side, reaching down to reach the tip of his fingers into his empty rectum, moaning at the loss. He stared as his father plunged deep into Jerry, punishing the teen for the pleasure felt by his twin, the great cock ramming as deep as it had in Jack.

"PLEASE!" begged Jerry. "YOU'RE HURTING ME!"

"I'll fucking KILL ya! Kill both of ya!"

"OH, GOD! JESUS! HELP ME! HELP ME!"

He ignored his son's begging, his tormented cries, pounding his prick deep into the teen while Jack rubbed his cockshaft, the teens erection painful in

its strength. The twin ignored the dull aching that had settled into the flesh of his body from the beating, watching as the great cock slammed deep into Jerry's ass, his tongue licking his dry lips in envy.

"PLEASE, DAD! DAD! DON'T!"

"SHIT! SHIT! CHRIST! I'M... COMIN'! GOD DAMN IT, I'M COMIN'!"

He slammed one final time into the teen, holding Jerry's hips while his balls erupted, pouring out his scalding load of cream. The teen gasped, swallowing, fighting for breath, fighting the pain of his father's penetration.

Suddenly the cock was gone, the bed bouncing as the man got off it. Once more he wiped his hand across his mouth, swallowing. Then he left the room, leaving behind the pile of his discarded clothing.

CHAPTER THREE

The twins stared at each other, Jerry's face still contorted with the pain of his father's penetration, as they heard his footsteps pad down the hall. Then Jack moved to take Jerry into his arms, moaning as he held his brother closely.

"Oh, God, Jerry! What are we gonna do?"

"I don't know." Jerry bit his lip. "We can't stay here, babe."

"You mean... run away?"

"You got any better idea?"

Jack shuddered. "Do you think he was telling the truth -- about losing the bar, and the house?"

"I guess so. Remember that big fight Mom..." Jerry choked at the sudden mention of his mother, dead seven months. He caught himself, continued,

"... Mom and Dad had last summer, when she told him she was the only reason the bar hadn't gone under long ago? He lets all his bum friends run up big tabs, and chases away the good customers with his mean ways. I guess he lost it, all right."

"Where can we go?"

"I don't know, babe."

The twins lay flat, moved closer together, their arms around each other for comfort. The pain of the beating had subsided into a constant dull ache as Jack continually sniffled.

"When..." The teen swallowed. "When should we go?"

"He's drunk, he'll pass out soon. When we hear him snoring."

"Going someplace, faggots?"

Their father stepped through the door again, smiling sweetly. He had heard them talking down the hall and had crept closer in silence to make out their words. Jerry sucked in his breath, his heart pounding louder as he saw the roll of nylon rope in his father's hand. It was a fifty-foot coil, carried in the trunk of the car against emergencies but never used.

Now their father stripped off the plastic covering, uncoiling the end and straightening it between his hands. His thick cock hung half-stiff over his swollen balls, the shaft slick with brown and with the remnants of the Vaseline.

"I asked you bastards a question! Goddamn it, speak!"

Jerry shook his head, slowly, answering the original question. "No, sir!"

"NO?" he roared. "You won't answer?"

"No, sir -- we aren't going anywhere!"

"Oh." He grinned, relaxing. "I know that. All right, cocksuckers, get down on each other! Move! Get those fuckin' lips on those fuckin' cocks!"

The teens scooted around, moving again into sixty-nine position. Jerry took Jack's throbbing cock into his mouth, his own now-limp prick sliding into Jerry's cooling saliva, their lips meeting against their groins, pressing into the pubic hair.

"My, how sweet!" said their father in a sarcastic sing-song. "You do that so naturally!"

Jerry's hands slid around his brother's hips and were grabbed by his father, rope cutting into his wrists as it was pulled tight just above the swell of Jack's ass. Now the man moved the rope down across the other teen's shoulder, wrapping it tight about the back of Jerry's thighs and pulling it through beneath him to coil about Jack's neck. He pushed the teen's face

tight against Jerry's groin, pulling the rope taut, then threaded it through again to tie Jack's hands in the same position.

"Just like a jigsaw puzzle," he said. "You two darlings were made for each other."

"Da'y!" cried Jack, around Jerry's cock. "Da'y, I go'a go ba'room!"

"What?" His father snorted. "Speak English!"

"I go'a pee!" said Jack, frantic, trying to pull away from his brother's cock, his words little clearer than a mumble. "Pee!"

The man laughed. "Shit, pee in your faggot brother's mouth! He probably likes that just as much as he likes cock!"

The rope came down Jerry's back, was coiled about his neck and Jack's groin. The man knotted it securely, then the teens heard a slicing noise, although they couldn't see the knife in his hand. The rope parted, and he rearranged the twins on the bed, coiling one piece of the new cutting around Jack's ankles and the other end around the corner post of the headboard. The other rope went around Jerry's ankles and the opposite foot post.

"There, now -- comfy?" he said, surveying his work. He laughed at his own joke. "Now don't you darlings do anything I wouldn't!"

The twins heard him leave again, and the rustle as he picked up his clothes. Then noises came from his bedroom -- the banging of a door and the sliding of dresser drawers. There was the ratchet of the telephone dial and the low murmur of their father's voice. Then he went down the hall again, whistling, and they heard the connecting door from kitchen to garage close, followed by the roar of the car's engine. A moment later the car moved out into the street, squealing rubber, and was gone in another roar.

For another moment the twins lay in the forced sixty-nine, Jerry mouthing Jack's cock as he breathed around his brother's sexual shape. His own prick was growing hard again within Jack's lips, and his stomach twitched with the desire to fuck into the teen's mouth. But the ropes about their necks had

the teens immobilized, unable to move, unable to do a thing beyond flexing their buttock muscles.

"Jer-ry!" Jack was trying to speak again, his mumbling made even worse by Jerry's growing erection. "Jerry, I'm sorry, I gotta pee! I can't help it!"

Jerry's chin dug into Jack's belly, felt tension and then pressure there.

His forehead contorted as his brother's cock jumped within his mouth, and a trickle of bittersweet liquid ran into him. The teen swallowed, convulsively, and managed to get the piss down, his nose wrinkled with the effort.

"Uhhhhhh! Uh! UH!" Jack groaned as he released the baffler holding his piss within his bladder, and a stronger stream of the fluid ran through his urethra and cock and into the back of Jerry's mouth. It was coming steadily now, the pressure increasing as Jerry swallowed it down, taking as much of the stuff as he could. Still the flow increased, some of it spattering back around the throbbing cock and through his lips, soaking Jack's groin and dribbling down to wet the sheets.

"OH! UH! UHHHHHH!"

Jack was sobbing now, with the shame of what he was doing to his brother, his tears wetting Jerry's thighs as his piss, escaped from his twin's mouth, wet his own legs. The stream of piss was running fast now, out of control, Jerry was unable to breathe against the rush of fluid. He swallowed again and again, convulsively, drinking all that he could but the stuff still ran out of his mouth, some of it entering his nostrils and snorted up when he tried to breathe in that way. He could feel the hot stuff running down his cheek, soaking the bed.

Jack gasped one final time, and the trickle slowed, eased to a stop. The teen's chest trembled against his brother's belly, Jerry able to feel the unsteady beating of Jack's heart as the ashamed teen cried against his prisoner. Jerry wanted to comfort him, but Jack's cock filled his mouth so completely he couldn't form even parts of words around the hot shape.

His own cock was completely hard within Jack, and now the teen began to suck against Jerry, as though trying to make amends for what he had done to him. Jerry sighed against the hard prick in his mouth, and began to suck with him, the twins' throats working together, their Adam's apples jumping in rhythm as they brought pressure to the trapped sexual organs.

Jerry sucked against Jack with all of his strength, trying to pull his twin's prick all the way into his mouth. His teeth sawed gently against the base of his brother's shaft, across the crisp pubic hair, his tongue laying the surface of the organ and trying to reach back to dig into the urethral opening. The taste of Jack's piss was still strong, but no longer distasteful. He sucked harder, trying to pull out more.

Jerry felt his face burning as he worked against his brother's prick.

What was the matter with him? Drinking Jack's piss and liking it! Maybe Dad was right -- maybe he was a freak!

Jack felt the tension in Jerry's body as he concentrated on his twin's throbbing prick, sucking with all of his strength, his chin digging into Jerry's belly. He could almost forget the pain of being tied, forget the sharp edges of rope cutting into his flesh, in the pleasant sensation of his twin's hard cock. He sucked down about the familiar organ, the glans riding across his soft palate, his throat aching with his earlier crying but soothed as he land his brother's cockshape.

He could stand anything with Jerry beside him -- with Jerry's cock in his body, his mouth or his asshole. He loved his twin more than anyone else in the world! And Jack knew Jerry loved him as well.

Jerry felt Jack's balls draw tight against his lips, felt his twin's pubic hair move across his nostrils as he continued to suck against the teen, and as Jack continued to suck down on him. Then the tingle was there again, centered in his balls. He knew he was close to explosion, and redoubled his efforts against Jack's cock.

The other teen read the same signals, arched his back in a feeble effort to slam his cock deeper into Jerry's mouth. The constant throw of their heads

back against the rope had eased the tension slightly, giving them the barest measure of free play, but no more than enough for their heads to bob frantically as the twins sucked on each other, trying to draw out the explosion of semen.

"UH! UH! UHHHHHHHH!"

Jack's knees flexed against the rope binding his ankles as he fucked against Jerry, and at the same instant Jerry pounded his face against his brother's pelvis, until his nose was bruised.

"AGGGHHHHH! AHHHHHHH!"

"Oh, God -- I'm coming! Coming! Coming!"

Jerry sighed against Jack's belly as he spilled his seed into his brother's mouth. An instant later Jack erupted as well, flooding Jerry with the sweeter taste of his sugary cum, wiping out the last of the piss-residue. The twins sucked with all of their strength, drawing out as much as their balls would produce, swallowing it down, giving themselves at least the brief pleasure of their spillings, familiar and almost necessary food.

"Uhhhhhhh! UH!"

Jack continued to gasp against Jerry's wet groin, his lips spread wide to take in as much of his brother's pleasurable flesh as he could gather with his teeth and his aching jaws. The first load he had ever spilled, onto his own belly and chest and chin while jerking off, Jerry had quickly licked away savoring every droplet. And when Jerry's own first load popped three days later, Jack was there to take it all in, eager to suck down every last trace and essence.

"Uhhhh!"

The teens gasped together one final time, and drifted into a painful sleep.

The heavy slam of a car door closing brought them awake, followed by the harsher crash of the garage door falling to the cement floor. Jerry blinked

rapidly, still in a dream world, savoring the taste of Jack's cock in his mouth. Then he tried to move away, to ease the strain in his neck muscles, and remembered he was tied.

"Down here, Mr. Lassiter." That was his father's voice. "Sweet-assed blonds -- you'll love them."

"I'll be the judge of that," rumbled a deeper voice. Then the men were in the bedroom, and Jerry burned with embarrassment as he felt the stranger's gaze cutting across his back and his ass.

"What'd I tell you?" said their father. "Beauties!"

"Untie them," said Lassiter. "Tie their hands behind their backs."

The knife came out and the twins were cut free, groaning and moving gingerly as they rolled away from each other. The piss-wet bed was cold beneath Jerry's shoulders as he rubbed his wrists. He was grabbed by his father, yanked to his feet and twisted around. He felt the harsh rope cut into his flesh again, wincing as his hands were retied in the new position.

"Oh -- don't!"

Jack couldn't help gasping out as he received the same treatment, and the twins were shoved together. They faced the stranger, a grizzled pay-haired man who seemed to be in his fifties or even older. His face was seamed, ruddy with long exposure to the sun and the outdoors air. He wore a nylon windbreaker, unzipped, and polished shoes. He rubbed his hands together as he studied the twins.

"Where are the birthmarks you mentioned?"

"On their balls," said their father.

"Well, let's see them. Show me."

Jordan glowered, but yanked Jerry to him, reaching down to lift the twin's balls. Lassiter moved closer, squatted to study the bright heart, nodding

approval. Then he looked at Jack, the teens father swallowing a mutter as he repeated the display.

"Interesting," said Lassiter, straightening. "Yes, I could use them.

Twins are always popular. \$2500."

"What?" Jordan's voice was a squawk of outrage. "Come off it, man -- ten-thousand! Not a penny less!"

"Good night, Mr. Jordan."

Lassiter turned on his heels and left the bedroom. Jordan stared after him in disbelief, and rushed into the hall, stopping him.

"Hey, wait a minute! You don't have to get upset! We can talk about it, can't we?"

Lassiter returned, staring at Jordan, ignoring the twins. "Mr. Jordan, I have made my offer. I can find hundreds of attractive twins in any city in this country. I can have them for as little as \$100. I never pay more than \$590 to \$750. Because your sons are twins I made you the highest offer I have ever given. \$2500 is the price. I will not pay one cent more."

"Jesus." Jordan swallowed, working his hands together in fear. "Look, Mr.

Lassiter, I need getaway money -- I got nothin'! Just the car, and the finance company will take that tomorrow, if they catch me. Five thousand!

Please!"

Lassiter shook his head. "Mr. Jordan, I'm not an unreasonable man. I do feel for you. Three thousand."

"Four. A lousy four-thousand!"

"\$3500. And that is it."

Jordan read the finality in his voice, accepted. He nodded. "All right, you got a deal."

Lassiter drew a fat wallet from his jacket pocket, counted out a thick sheaf of hundred-dollar bills. Then he produced a receipt pad, tore off one and placed it on the twins' dresser.

"Read this and sign it, please."

Jordan took the slip. "I, Lawrence Jordan, hereby acknowledge the receipt of as payment in full for whom I herewith sell into slavery, to be the full and complete property of the buyer and to be used for any purposes which he sees fit."

"Fill in the, amount and the names of your sons, Mr. Jordan, and date it, please."

Lassiter offered a pen, Jordan signing quickly. Then the gray-haired man folded the receipt and smiled.

Jordan turned to the twins. "You heard what that paper said?"

The twins glanced at each other, fear across their faces. Their father laughed.

"Yeah -- you're slaves! He's your master. You don't do what he wants, he'll fuckin' kill you!"

"Dad!"

Jack's words were cut off by the fury of his father. "Shut up! I'm not your Dad-dy! Thank God I'll never have to see your freakin' faces again!"

"Come along," said Lassiter, catching their shoulders. "Come along now."

The twins followed him into the hall, their father staying behind, and down to the garage. The door from the kitchen stood open, the garage lights on. A huge Cadillac limousine filled the space, rear bumper hitting the work

bench and front bumper the barely-closed door. A uniformed chauffeur straightened at Lassiter's appearance, eyeing the twins.

"A pretty pair, Mr. Lassiter."

"I think so, Koch. Open the door."

As he said it he was removing his jacket, and then the rest of his clothes. The twins stared, beyond astonishment, as the man stripped naked, revealing a cock as big as their father's dangled limp over heavy balls and a carpet of fur that stretched from his crotch to his collar bone. He rubbed his balls and lifted his cock.

"Get in the car."

They glanced at the open door and saw there were no handles on the inside. The passenger compartment was partitioned off from the front, the windows completely masked. There was a single deep plush seat across the back, the floor built up above the level of the transmission hump with a soft gray carpet that yielded to their weight as the twins stepped gingerly inside the car, balancing themselves against the door, unable to free their hands.

Lassiter was right behind them. His hands forced the twins to their knees, and he sank down into the seat with a low sigh while Koch closed the door. They heard the chauffeur move to the front, heard the garage door open, the engine come to soft purring life. They moved out gently, without ajar even as the car turned into the street.

"Well," said Lassiter, staring at them. "You heard what your father said."

"You mean..." Jerry licked his lips, glancing at Jack, "... we really are your slaves?"

"Yes. You are my slaves."

CHAPTER FOUR

The twins stared at each other with sinking hearts, their fright mirrored on their faces. Then they looked back at Lassiter, at the man who had bought them from their father. It couldn't be true! Even Dad couldn't be that mean!

"But... that's against the law!" blurted Jack. Jerry shot his brother a warning glance, but Lassiter smiled gently. He reached out to cup their cocks in his thick, callused fingers, pulling them toward him, the twins moving awkwardly on their knees.

"Many things are against the law. Which are you?" He released Jerry's cock and raised the twin's balls. "Ah, yes -- left testicle, Jerry. That makes you Jack. You're a handsome pair, and no doubt intelligent as well.

How many times have you tried grass?"

The twins looked at each other, shame-faced and not answering. Lassiter chuckled, working the foreskins back from their cocks and masturbating them until the cockheads hit his palms.

"There, you see? You broke a law, but nothing happened to you. And nothing happens to me when I buy and sell attractive young twins, except that I make many men very happy."

"Are you gonna sell us?" asked Jack.

"Eventually, yes. After the summer."

"What about the rest?" asked Jerry, boldly. "Are they happy?"

He shrugged, amused. "That depends on the them, Jerry. Some people are born to be slaves, to belong to someone else, happy only when they are forced to obey a master in every way. Others... adjust to the idea. Just as you will adjust to the situation. Now come up here."

He pulled on their erections and the teens came up over his legs, straddling his knees. He studied the twin cocks for a moment, pleased.

"Very nice." He chuckled again. "Your father is a foolish man. A stupid man."

"Sir?" asked Jerry, perplexed.

"You call me 'Master', slave." He spoke sternly. "Remember that -- I am your master. But you call everyone 'Master' except for the other slaves."

"Master," acknowledged the twin, accepting the situation for the moment, at least. "What did you mean... about our father?"

"Oh, yes." He laughed. "Why, if your father had played it sensibly, I'd have paid ten times what I gave him for the pair of you. I had no intention of leaving that house without you. But he was frightened to think he might lose even the small amount I first offered, and that is when men behave stupidly. You're well rid of him -- you're really better off with me. He'll run through the money he thinks he extorted from me and end up sleeping in filthy little rooms, working at filthy little jobs."

Lassiter's head fell back against the seat, the man sighing as he continued to stroke the twins' cocks, his fingers banging into their balls. Jerry glanced at his brother, swallowing.

"And what will we be doing, Master?"

"Why, living very well, Jerry. At least while you're with me. I am not responsible for what happens when I turn you over to your next master. I expect you two will be the most popular pair I've ever featured. Now show me how good you can be. Suck my cock!"

He bent Jerry's stiff prick down against his hairy leg, the teen wincing at the pain. Lassiter twisted his wrist against the cock, his calluses ripping at the sensitive erected tissue, forcing the teen to fall between his thighs.

"Suck, slave!"

He released the captive cock as Jerry fell to his knees. He grabbed the teen's head and pushed it down into his groin. Hair scratched at Jerry's face from his belly and the hairy thighs, and his twin's leg pushed against him as well. Jack's heel was hard where it scratched his brother's cheek.

"Suck!" demanded the man.

Sucking in breath, Jerry pulled his face back far enough to stare at the tremendous limp cock as it dangled against the edge of the seat. The balls were pushed to either side of the shaft by the prick's heavy weight.

"Goddamn it, slave! Stop stalling!"

Jerry read anger growing in the man, twisting his shoulders to ease the strain of his tied wrists. The mushroom-shaped purple glans was robbed of its foreskin, swollen above the shaft to the size of a small tangerine.

The teen licked dry lips, swallowing with horror at the thought of taking the whole monstrous thing into his mouth... or into any other part of his body.

"Suck! I'm not going to tell you again, slave!" Lassiter's hand slammed the teen's face against his cock, the limp shaft jumping as the man hollowed his stomach. It rubbed across his cheek, Jerry feeling the individual puckers of the skin, the corner of his mouth filled with dry gray bush. Then Lassiter's fingers worked through his blond hair, the teen yelping at the twisting pain.

"Oh, Master! I... I'll suck you, Master! I want to suck your beautiful cock!"

Lassiter relaxed, pleased with Jerry's groveling response. The teen's lips brushed the swollen, heated glans, moved across the big hole in the center. It was broad and deep, would emit a thick and flat stream of piss.

Swallowing the lump that had risen into his throat, the teen opened his mouth, let his tongue move out to probe the urethral opening. He swallowed, working his throat to produce saliva that eased the task, and Lassiter sighed with pleasure as the wet sensation moved across his cockhead. He fell back again, pulling Jack with him, against his side, fingers squeezing and pinching the naked youth's exposed tits and genitals.

"Kiss me, Jack!"

Jack turned his face up at the command, permitted Lassiter's tongue to move across his face. The slave wriggled his fingers behind his back, gasping as his shoulders were worked painfully when the man's arm squeezed down on him. Then the great mouth was open, the tongue stabbing against the teen's teeth; Lassiter's lips spread wide to slobber against Jack's chin and his nose.

"Beautiful slaves! Beautiful!"

Lassiter rolled his lips against Jack, wetting the teen's entire face, the man's tongue stabbing into the slave's ears to trace the whorls and convolutions. Then he caught Jack's tongue as it came out to lick the slave's lips and pulled it into his own mouth with his teeth, Jack wincing at the stab of pain. Lassiter chewed against the teen's organ, biting gently and then hard as tears started to flow from Jack's eyes.

"Oh! OHHHHHH!" He sucked his tongue back into his mouth. "You're hurting me!"

"Master!"

"Yes -- Master! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Master! But you're hurting me!"

"Isn't that too bad?"

Lassiter ground his mouth against the teen again, chewing on Jack's lower lip, smothering the teen's new cry of pain. Then he relented, licking away the hot tears coursing down the teen's cheeks, contenting himself with pinching the youth's small nipples into full erection. His tongue moved down to Jack's throat, his teeth opening to take in the Adam's apple, nibbling it as it bobbed up and down with the working of the teen's throat.

"Yes, sweet! Suck me, baby!"

He glanced down at Jerry, who had laved the entire glans with his saliva.

Now the teen was pushing his lips against the bottom of the still-limp cock, forcing it up against Lassiter's groin, turning his head sideways to work along the great vein with his tongue.

"Take it in your mouth! Suck!"

He gasped, closing his eyes as he pulled away to let the glans fall over the balls again. Then Jerry bent down beneath it, pushing his lips over the swell of the cockhead, his tongue darting into the opening and licking away a single drop of piss-tasting fluid. He made a face. Jack's piss was almost delicious in comparison with this horrible stuff!

"Ahhhhhh, yes! Yesssssss! Do it, slave! Suck your master's big cock!"

Lassiter's fingers caught Jerry's head again, this time stroking the teen gently as Jerry opened his jaws as wide as he could, pushing against the huge cockhead, and it suddenly popped through. The teen swallowed, astonished, the shape nearly filling his mouth, his tongue pushing against the bottom of it and pressing it against the soft palate.

"Oh, yes! Beautiful! Suck! Beautiful sucker!"

He crooned to the teen, his eyes closed, and reached down to stroke Jack's cock again, masturbating the teen gently. Jack lay back against Lassiter's body, the man's thick hair scratch wherever it touched him.

The teen's prick was building with need, and he sighed as the man's fingers worked him up and down.

"Ohhhhhh, Master! Master!"

"Yes! Yes, my beautiful young slave!" Lassiter's eyes remained closed as he stroked Jack, his feet moving around Jerry's ass to pull the teen on his cock closer to its target.

"Beautiful slaves!" he said, sighing. "I knew you were born to be slaves when I saw you!"

The huge cock trembled in Jerry's mouth, but showed no signs of stiffening. Lassiter pushed his groin against the teen, almost rising from the seat, the cushion losing the imprint of his ass. Jerry swallowed against the great cock head, which was all the way into his throat now, almost two inches of the shaft pushing behind it. The teen's eyes closed as he breathed in the man's sweat and bodily secretions, his own cock tight against his belly with the force of his erection.

"Suck me, slave!"

The mumbled words were little more than a whisper as the man moved his ass farther down, pushing out against the teen, who sucked again and stopped, shocked as the great cockhead broke through the barrier and slid into his throat.

"OHHHHHHHHH, GOD!" Lassiter's eyes opened in astonishment and he glanced down at the teen. "Good Lord -- you have it! You have it in your throat!"

Jerry's head bobbed, unable to answer, the teen's fingers working frantically behind his back. The great cockhead was in his throat, but he was still able to breathe, his breath blasting hot from his nostrils against the burning shape of the cock.

"Oh, Christ! I don't believe it! Koch! KOCH!"

The chauffeur's voice came from an intercom. "Yes, Mr. Lassiter?"

"The slave's sucked my cock! He swallowed it, Koch! It's in his throat!"

"Really, sir?" The driver's voice showed pleasure for his employer.

"That's wonderful! Can he take it all?"

"We'll soon find out! Suck me, slave! Suck it all!"

As astonished as the man, Jerry bobbed his head in acknowledgement of the order, and when he came down another inch of the cock shaft moved into

his throat. Lassiter sighed in pleasure, releasing Jack to let the teen tumble against the seat, putting both of his hands on Jerry's head.

"Suck it, slave! Take it down!"

Again Jerry's throat worked and his face moved closer to the hairy groin as the tremendous cock shaft moved into his throat. Half of it was in his mouth now, and still coming. He felt the first of the pubic curls brushing against his lips and the bottom of his chin as he forced himself down farther. He could feel the great shape swelling his throat, moving into his chest, but he kept moving, pushing his face farther and farther.

"GOD! GOD! KOCH! HE'S DOING IT!"

"Congratulations, sir!"

"Oh, God! Don't stop, slave! Keep sucking!"

He guided Jerry now, working the slave faster, the teen turning his face and screwing himself down onto the great cock the way his father had screwed Jack onto his prick when fucking the slave. Lassiter was gasping constantly, his balls jumping, a stirring moving through his cock as his erection began to grow.

"Jesus Christ! Koch! I'm getting hard!"

"Oh, marvelous, Mr. Lassiter! I'm so happy for you!"

"Yes! YES! SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!"

Blood was coming slowly from the rest of the man's body, moving up into the shaft of his large cock as the slave continued to suck. Less than an inch was outside now. Jerry thought the cockhead must be in his stomach!

His chest ached with the strain of accepting the invader. But he continued to push down on it, his ass coming off his heels as he sucked, his throat working and working until his lips pushed the gray curls down tight against the skin and there was no more to take. He had it all!

"He's got it, Koch! Every last inch! He took it all!"

Lassiter slammed his cock up against Jerry's face, nearly throwing the slave off balance as he rammed his great cock into the wonderful, wet constricting throat. His cock was growing harder, standing out, Jerry forced to stretch to hold himself above it, forced to come to his knees as the steel-hard rod slammed within his body, hurting terribly.

"UGH! GRGGGGG! GLACAJGGG!"

Jerry fought the horrible hard cock, dancing around, pulling back against Lassiter's hands. He gasped for breath, but the swollen erection pressed against his windpipe. He started to swoon as stars exploded across the back of his vision and oxygen starvation robbed his brain of necessary energy.

"OH, SLUT! GODDAMN! FUCK!"

Lassiter slammed one final time into Jerry's throat, then pushed the slave off his cock, bouncing him on the floor. He fell on his back, new pain stabbing through his tied wrists and his shoulders, but blessed air was moving into his aching lungs. The slave breathed and again, rolling onto his side, his tears soaking the soft plush carpeting.

"FUCK!" roared the man, reaching for Jack. The slave stared in horror at the tremendous erection -- it must have been twelve inches long!

"FUCK! GODDAMN IT, SLAVE, I'M GOING TO FUCK YOU!"

"No! Please -- Master!"

But the man ignored the slave's cry of horror, Jack's words unheard in the roaring pressure of his sexually heated blood. He came off the seat, holding the teen's arms in both hands, squeezing the flesh until new bruises showed on top of the marks of the belt. His foot kicked up against the edge of the seat and it rose silently to fit into a niche in the back, leaving room enough now for the man to stretch out full-length on the mattress-soft floor.

"GODDAMN! DAMN! DAMN! FUCK!"

Jack twisted, tried to wriggle free, but Lassiter was on his knees, turning the teen around, pulling him back against his belly. The great cock slammed across the youth's buttocks and up the ridge of his spine, slick with Jerry's saliva and with new dribbling from the hole in the cockhead. He positioned Jack on his knees, picked up the teen's upper body and slammed it down again. The force of the blow was absorbed by the plush surface, but the teen's ass slammed back against the cockhead.

"YEAH! YEAHHHHHH! TAKE MY COCK!"

One hand in the middle of the teen's back, holding Jack down, Lassiter grabbed his swollen erection in his other hand and rubbed the head against the teen's tight-clutched sphincter. He snorted angrily as Jack resisted the first prodding. He doubled the fist, holding him prisoner, raising it and hammering it down.

"Damn you! Open up!"

The blow hit the teen's spine, stunning him. Jack's eyes were wide, staring at nothing as the twin sobbed, no longer fighting. The cockhead approached again, rubbed the entrance, and his body tightened in reflex.

"DAMN YOU! STOP FIGHTING ME! TAKE IT!"

Lassiter stabbed two fingers into the reluctant rectum, loosening what was there. Suddenly the teen farted, blowing wet against the intruder, but the man ignored the reaction. He removed his hand, wiped it against Jack's ass, and brought the head of his cock to the sphincter again.

"Now... DAMN IT! TAKE IT!"

"OWWWWWWWW!" Jack screamed at the pain of penetration. "You're tearing me apart! OWWWWWWW!"

"SHIT! SHIT! I'M IN!"

Lassiter crowed his success as his cockhead pushed through the sphincter, popped into the intestine. The momentary release of pressure as the

sphincter closed about the shaft beneath the rim let the teen sigh out his relief. Then Lassiter positioned himself a little better, moving his knees back and dropping over the teen, both hands against the floor, trapping Jack between his stiff arms.

"Oh, shit! SHIT! FUCK!"

He stroked forward, slamming the cockhead deep, almost half of the way.

The pressure was unbearable, but Jack was beyond screaming. He gasped, his face contorted with pain, his breath caught in his throat.

"YEAH! YEAH! YEAHHHH, FUCK!"

Lassiter cried out happily, slamming against the teen again without retreating. His cock moved down, the swollen glans pushing through the sensitive lining of the teen's guts, rubbing fire on every side.

"Oh! Ohhhhhh! OH, MASTER!"

"Yes! Yes, slave! I'm your master!"

"OHHHHH, GOD!"

"Slave! Slave! Beautiful slave!"

"OH, MASTER! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK ME, MASTER!"

"YES! YES, I'M FUCKING YOU, SLAVE!"

"OHHHHHH, GOD!"

Jerry rubbed pain from his throat by twisting his chin back and forth against the plush cushion, hearing Jack's cries of incredible pleasure.

The teen raised his head, staring at his twin as the man's large cock slammed into the teen. Both participants in the kicking were gasping, laughing, crying, begging.

"OH, FUCK! OH, CHRIST! I'M... SLUT! SLUT! I'M COMING!"

"NO!" screamed the twin. "DON'T! DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP! FUCK ME! FUCK

MEEEEEEEE!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Lassiter slammed one final time into Jack's ass, his cock throbbing and swelling, and the blast of semen slammed out of the cannon-barrel, painting the compacted shit-mass white. The teen felt the stuff erupt in his guts, felt himself awash with the man's copious spendings, gasping as the cock stabbed, stopped pumping.

"Oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhh!"

Jack's eyes closed as Lassiter collapsed against him, his heavy weight pushing the teen flat against the floor. The tied teen's wrists and shoulders hurt anew, trapped beneath the slavemaster's chest, but the cock in his ass worked to the beating of Lassiter's heart.

"Oh, Christ!" The man swallowed, working his tongue across his lips.

"Christ!"

"My asshole!" Jack sobbed.

"Yeah, baby!" Lassiter grinned. "Beautiful asshole! Jesus, maybe I won't sell you after all!"

Suddenly he moved his weight against the teen, pushing Jack onto his side, gathering him into his arms as he brought his knees up against the back of the teen's legs. The great cock continued to throb, but it was softening, retreating from the terrible penetration, the pain turning completely to pleasure as the teen worked his sphincter, trying to milk the shaft of more cum.

"Christ!" said Lassiter again, and kissing the teen's neck. "You're worth more than I first thought. If you can both fuck and suck like that, I can ask the moon!"

"Master?" Jerry asked the question, staring over the top of his twin's head as Lassiter opened his eyes.

"What is it?"

"What... what's gonna happen to us, this summer?"

"A fair question. It's none of your business. Your only concern is doing what you're told. Everything you're told. But I'm feeling good, so I'll tell you."

Lassiter rubbed Jack's belly, pinching the teen's tits as Jerry blinked, waiting for him to continue. He sighed, hollowing his stomach and working his cock within the tight clutch of the young rectum.

"Good! Oh, yes! I have an island resort for rich men, Jerry. Very rich men. They pay three thousand dollars a day. Naturally they expect to receive something for their money, and so I give them the use of my slaves. You will obey their every order."

"What..." Jerry's lips were dry. "What will they do to us?"

"Whatever enters their minds. Sucking and fucking, of course, in great abundance. Some slaves have been known to spend the entire summer with a cock in their ass and another in their mouth. You'll learn to drink piss and clean assholes with your tongues, though I don't permit the guests to shit in my slaves' mouths -- there's too much danger of disease. Of course, what they do to their personal slaves is their own affair."

"You sell us after the summer is over?"

"Of course. I have no use for you during the winter. There are twenty staff members on the island. You will obey them just as you do the masters. Everyone goes naked on the island, of course. They must leave every article of clothing before they board the plane that takes them north."

"Master?" Jack sighed with pleasure as the cock softened within his ass.

"Where is the island?"

Lassiter laughed. "Far north. In Canada. You'll find no guards -- we don't need them. You can swim to shore, but there's a hundred miles of heavy

forest before you find another human being. Fifty miles more before you come to the first excuse for a town. I've had the island almost ten years -- this is my tenth summer -- and I've never yet had a slave escape."

He sighed, rubbing the teen again, and cupping Jack's cock and balls. The teen's prick was still erect. He gasped at the pressure.

"Nice cocks. I do believe you are the most beautiful slaves I've ever owned. I do hope you're not bought by one of the mutilators."

"Uh..." Jerry swallowed again. "Mutilators?"

"Some of my customers buy slaves just to torture them." He sighed. "What a waste. But each to his pleasures. I certainly hope you won't have to lose your testicles or your cocks."

The twins shuddered together, the same thoughts running in both young minds. What kind of madmen came to this island?

"Master?" asked Jack, softly. "Why don't you keep us, Master? For yourself."

"The thought crossed my mind," he admitted.

"But business before pleasure. I'm in the slave business. A dealer should not be a collector, else he'd never sell his most precious treasures."

Lassiter sighed again, closing his eyes and gathering the twin closer.

Jack winced at the pressure against his bound arms.

"Master? Can't you untie us now?"

"Not until you're on the island. Now hush and go to sleep, both of you."

Even as he said it the light in the compartment dimmed controlled by the chauffeur, who had been listening to the conversation. Jack felt the man's breath move across the top of his head, the twin swallowing against the pain in his body. Even the throbbing cock shape in his ass was no longer as

comforting. He tried to peer through the darkness at his brother, but dared not speak.

Jerry heard Lassiter's whistling breath as the man dozed off, the twin fighting the rope binding his wrists. But his father had tied the rope too well; there was no sign of easing tension. At last he stopped struggling, sighing, praying instead. God! What was going to happen to them?

The limousine purred through the darkness, the car's motion over the road unfelt by the sleeping passengers in the special compartment. The twins were still dozing when there was a sudden change, the movement slowing.

The three naked bodies rocked forward slightly when the car braked to a stop, and a moment later the door opened, a single interior light flooding on again.

"We're at the dock, Mr. Lassiter."

"Urmmm?" Lassiter opened his eyes, sighed, and pulled his cock from Jack's ass. It made a loud noise as it came out and fell wetly against his thigh. The man sat up, shaking the sleep from his eyes, and pulled his ass across the floor, his feet hitting the ground.

"All right, slaves -- outside!"

Koch barked the order, Jerry and Jack moving quickly to obey. The twins staggered as they hit the ground and stood erect, blinking against the night. They were on the shore of a wide river or a small lake, a float plane bobbing at the end of a wooden dock. And now a naked man came out of the plane, jumped to the dock, his skin white in the moonlight.

"That's a prize pair, Mr. Lassiter!" he said, coming up. The slavemaster smiled.

"Thank you, Todd. The one sucked me hard and the other made me come in his ass."

"Marvelous! Could I have a go at one before we take off?"

"Certainly! Fuck Jerry. I fucked Jack."

He put his hand on Jerry's shoulder and shoved the teen forward. Jerry nearly lost his balance as his shoulder hit the man's chest, to be caught and turned around. The man examined him critically and saw the marks of the beating.

"Should I warm him up first, sir?"

"If you'd like." Lassiter suggested.

Grinning, Todd dropped to one knee and yanked Jerry across it on his belly. The man was about thirty, raw-boned and rangy, his long knobby cock slick already even though it was just beginning to lift against Jerry's belly.

"Nothing like a good ass-warming to get a slave ready for fucking, I always say."

Todd jerked Jerry around, positioning him more to his liking, raising enough to tuck the teen's feet beneath the knee that supported him. He settled down again, his hard muscle cutting across the teen's calf. His other knee was raised beneath Jerry's stomach, the foot flat on the wood planking of the dock. He wet his lips, tossed his hair out of his face, and raised his free hand into the air.

"Owwwwwwww!"

Jerry yelped in surprise as the hand cracked down on the cheek of his ass. It hurt, stinging against bruised tissues. Again the hand came up and Todd cracked the other asscheek.

"OW! DON'T! PLEASE!"

Jerry squirmed against the spanking, Todd laughing with glee as he continued to rain blow after blow down against the tender ass. Tears were flowing freely from the teen's eyes as he begged for an end to the punishment.

"PLEASE! STOP! STOP!"

"Scream, slave! Scream! I love it -- love it!"

Even in the pale moonlight the teen's ass changed color beneath the spankings reddening and bruising. After twenty or so Jerry could no longer cry out, but could only gasp for breath, the spanking showing no sign of coming to an end.

"GODDAMN!" cried Todd. "YELL, YOU BASTARD!"

The strength of his blows seemed to increase even more as he slammed another ten strokes down against the bouncing, twisting teen. Then he stood, dropping the teen from his knee, Jerry's shoulder and the side of his head slamming against the dock. Before the teen could gasp in air and cry out again, Todd grabbed his ankles, yanking the teen up against his groin. He clutched at his hips, slamming him against his long, slender cock.

"OHHHHHHHHH! GOD! DON'T!"

"Yell!" gasped Todd again. "Yell! Make music! Make me hear you, shithead!"

Jerry was doubled over, folded at the belly, the cock slamming up through his rectum to rub against his spine. The man pumped against him, his legs spread and bent just enough to provide a platform as he dragged the teen back against his cock.

"Oh, sit on my cock, slave! Sit on it! Shit!"

"Please! Ple-ah-a-as-az!" Jerry's voice broke as he was jiggled up and down. "Let me do-own!"

"Fuck you, slave! Yeah, I'm fucking you! Take it!"

Watching the scene, Lassiter began to laugh, doubling over and clutching at his stomach.

"Oh, God! Koch! Look at them! Jesus, have you ever seen anything so funny?"

"No, sir." Koch grinned dutifully, and even laughed. But his eyes were on Jack. "Sir?"

Lassiter wiped his eyes. "What is it, Koch?"

"Sir... may I take the other?"

"You?" Lassiter smiled again. "You're wearing clothes, Koch. You know the rules -- sex partners must be completely naked. But you said you were embarrassed to undress in front of other men."

"I'll do it, sir. This time. Please?"

Lassiter shrugged. "Go ahead. I've been wondering what you were hiding in those loose trousers."

The chauffeur let out his breath and began to strip out of his clothes, carefully laying them on the hood of the car. In less than a minute he was naked, a short, stubby man with a thick midriff, and a short but exceedingly thick cock that sprouted from one of the thickest pubic patches Lassiter had ever seen.

"Good God, Koch! Why have you been hiding that? You're beautiful!"

"It's not very long, sir," he said apologetically.

"No, but Christ, it must be three inches thick!"

"Three-and-a-half inches."

Koch turned to Jack, caught the teen and forced him down onto his knees.

Jack stared in horror at the great block-shaped cock before his face, and his head was slammed down into Koch's groin, the man gasping.

"Oh, God! Suck! Suck me, slave!"

Lassiter laughed again, glancing at Todd, who was still bouncing Jerry up and down in the air against his cock. Then he looked back at Jack.

"Yes, slave -- suck that cock!"

The great battering ram of a cock slammed against Jack's nose, bruising the teen as Koch tried to work into the teen's mouth. He released Jack's arms, dug his thumbs into his jaws, forcing them open, prying them wide enough to work his cock-shape across the barrier of the teeth.

"GAWWWWWWGGGH! AWWWWWWWWGH!"

Jack spluttered against the invader, trying to fight it off but Koch wouldn't be refused. The man planted his feet flat on the dock, tongue protruding from the corner of his mouth as he forced his cock into the teen's mouth. The tension was hurting the tendons of the jaw as it was forced farther apart.

"Suck, damn you! Damn you! SUCK!"

Jerry was barely conscious of his twin's ordeal as Todd suddenly fell to his knees, the teen's forehead hitting the dock when he went down. Todd repositioned himself against the teen's back, screwing his cock all of the way into him, done with the games as he started to fuck seriously. He rode deep, his knobby cock making the sphincter muscle work up and down before the long cock shaft was all the way inside.

"Oh, SHIT!" cried the man. "SHIT! FUCK!"

"Fuck him!" cried Lassiter. "Fuck him, Todd!"

"Yes! YES! YESSSSSSSS!"

"Make him suck you, Koch!" ordered the slavemaster, switching his attention to the other team of fuckers. "Make him take it all! Break his jaw!"

"Yessir! YESSIR! OH, SUCK ME! SUCK ME!"

The great swelling cockhead was all of the way inside Jack's teeth now, the separation between glans and shaft almost invisible. Koch stabbed against the teen, his shoulders knotting as he forced the teen to come farther onto

his cock shaft. Jack swallowed, fighting, but unable to hit out with his hands tied.

"OHHG! GLG! GLUG!"

"SUCK, DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!"

Again laughing, Lassiter masturbated himself, his great cock limp in his fingers. He backed up, leaning against the hood of the car, where he could watch them both at the same moment.

"Fuck!" he cried, encouraging Todd. Then: "Suck! Suck him, slave! Fuck them and suck them!"

Todd thrust his cock completely into Jerry's ass, hesitating and rising above the teen's back, his balls dangling and swinging against his captives. Jerry gasped with the stabbing pain, Todd holding his bound wrists, the man's thumbs digging into the soft flesh between the two bones. Jerry felt pain in his knees as well, a splinter stabbing against one but it was nothing against the hurt of the cock ripping through his guts.

"Oh... ohhhhhh! Please! You're hurting me!"

"Hurt... shit! SHIT! I'LL HURT YOU! DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!"

The cock muscle ripped through the teen's strained sphincter. The man fucked deep into the teen in one swift stroke, then pulled out more slowly, prolonging the agony of the withdrawal from his young victim as Jerry sobbed and twisted beneath him.

"Ow! OWWWWW! HURT... HURTING ME!"

"YEAH! YEAHHHHHHH! FUCK!"

A dozen feet away, Koch dug his nails into the tender flesh that barely covered the back of Jack's skull, forcing the teen down ever farther against the shape of his cock. Jack's forehead was against the man's pelvis, his nose bruised from the pressure of the groin, breathing in the tickling cock hairs. Koch gasped again and again, slamming forward, slamming hard.

"Oh! Oh, God!"

He shouted in surprise as he felt his balls swing against the bottom of the teen's chin. He was in!

"Oh, SUCK! Sir! He's... SUCKING ME!"

"God, slave! Good slave! Fuck his mouth, Koch! Fuck your slave, Todd!"

Both of you, fuck the bastards! Make them yell!"

The men were doing the best to obey Lassiter's shouted commands. Suddenly Todd slammed deep within Jerry and held himself there a moment. Then his hands slid down from the teen's thighs and grabbed his knees, pulling him up as he came erect on his own knees. Jerry's chest dragged painfully against the planking of the dock, the teen's face ripping almost raw.

"Owww! DON'T! DON'T!"

"Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!"

Todd slammed into Jerry again, then fell heavily against the teen's back, trapping the tied hands beneath his belly. His cock twitched and trembled as he let his weight push the teen down against the dock, and then he began to stroke again, more gently, the moment of explosion safely receded.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" He moaned against the teen. "Fuck!"

"Sir!" screamed Koch. "Sir! Sir!"

"Well, what is it?" demanded Lassiter. "I'm... I'm coming, sir! Coming!"

"Is that all? For Christ's sake, fuck the slave!"

The tremendous cock battered Jack's tongue back against his throat. It was almost as thick as it was long, and perfectly rounded, the barely curved cockhead a battering ram that loosened the teen's teeth as it slammed repeatedly into his mouth.

"OH! OH, YES! YES SIR! SIR! COMING!"

Koch erupted as though he had been saving his cum for months, for all of his life. The stuff gushed out, thick and heavy, oozing around the shape of Jack's tongue, filling his mouth and running out of his lips to slowly drip, hot and wet, onto his belly. He felt two big drops land as he sucked it into his throat, forced to swallow before it choked him to death.

"OHHHHHHHH, GOD! SIR!"

Koch staggered, pushing the teen backward, nearly rocking Jack over. Todd heard the man yell as he erupted and resumed the fury of his own stroking, three stabs deep enough to send his own thinner measure of cream slamming deep into his helpless youth.

"COMIN'! COMIN'! COMIN'!"

CHAPTER SIX

As Koch slammed one final time into Jack's mouth, pushing the teen backward, the teen thought his back teeth were being pushed out of his gums. He sat down hard, the chauffeur following him, bending over him, gasping and sighing.

"Oh, Lord! God!"

The massive prick throbbed as it softened, popping free when Koch released the teen to wipe his mouth. He staggered back from Jack, staring at his cock as though he didn't recognize it.

"Bravo!" Lassiter applauded, loudly. "Good show, Koch -- both of you!"

Koch, there'll be no more nonsense about undressing in front of other people. You've no right to hide such an unusual prick!"

"Yes, sir." Koch grinned, his ears flaming.

"Oh, shit! Shit!"

Todd gasped for breath as the man worked his cock out of Jerry's asshole and stood, permitting the teen to roll over with a groan. Jerry drew his knees up, staring at a purple bruise on one. Tears stung the teen's eyes.

"Lie's a good one, Mr. Lassiter," said Todd.

"They're both good," agreed Koch. "You've made a marvelous slave-buy this time, sir."

"Thank you." Lassiter was obviously pleased by their compliments. "All right, Todd -- get them on the plane. They're the last for today."

"Yessir." He bent over and grabbed Jerry's hair, yanking the teen to his feet, and marched him over to Jack, where he repeated the performance.

Then he trotted them down the dock, holding them so high their feet barely had a chance to touch the planking.

"Inside, slaves!"

He threw them through the open door of the plane, the teens landing and rolling together. Following them, Todd dogged the door and moved toward the pilot compartment, leaving the teens to scramble around as best they could in the semi-darkness.

"Take it easy, asshole!"

The grunted warning came as Jack rolled into another naked body, another slave. The twins managed to sit up and saw a row of a dozen seats ahead of them, a padded area perhaps ten feet square around them. Three other prisoners were in the compartment. It was impossible to make out the color of his hair in the dim light, but a thick cock sprouted from a luxuriant pubic bush.

"I'm sorry," said Jack, wincing against the constant ache in his bound arms, now that the pain of the massive cock shaft in his teeth had diminished.

"Who are you?" said another slave.

"Jack and Jerry Jordan."

"Brothers?" asked the teen. "Twins," said Jerry.

"Where did they steal you?"

"Our father sold us," said Jerry, matter of factly.

"That's rotten! Uh, I'm Kelvin."

"Louis," he said. "His name is Philip."

His head jerk indicated the teen in the middle, who had remained silent.

Philip was the twins' age, a handsome teen, but now Jerry saw the teen was crying silently. He stared at his cock, a trifle smaller than the newcomers, as though he hated the thing that had betrayed him into this position.

"Did they steal you?" asked Jack.

"They did me," said Kelvin. "I was takin' a leak in the movies when a guy offered me five bucks to piss in his mouth. He said he'd give me ten more to go up to his room and get naked with him."

"What about you?" said Jerry, looking at Louis.

"I was hitchhiking," he said. "A sheriff's deputy picked me up, said he was gonna run me in. But he took me to that gray-haired old bastard instead."

"They sold me," said Philip, speaking for the first time with a sob in his voice. "They sold me!"

"Who?" asked Jack, feeling sorry for him.

"My aunt and uncle."

"Did Lassiter tell you what was going to happen?" asked Jerry.

"Who's Lassiter?" said Louis. "The old bastard? Naw. He just felt me up and stuck his fingers up my ass."

"We're slaves!" blurted Jack.

"Huh?" The other three stared at him. "What do you mean?"

The twins related what Lassiter had told them in the limousine, the other teens listening in growing horror. They left out nothing, including the veiled threat of torture and mutilation.

"Jesus!" said Louis. "He's crazy!"

"Knock it off slaves!"

Todd came back from the cockpit and kicked his bare foot against the nearest tied teen, who happened to be Kelvin. The teen gasped and drew away, closer to Jerry. The man grinned at the prisoners.

"Yeah, slaves! That's what you are. You're gonna take cock up the ass and in the mouth, and do any goddamn thing you're told to do! You want to fight it, that's your privilege -- a lot of the guests love the chance to kick the shit out of you."

He cupped his cock, pointing the soft shaft at them, and suddenly sprayed piss. It splattered hot against the nearest teen, but he worked it around until all were hit equally, the stuff quickly tuning cold as it ran down their naked bodies and puddled beneath their asses.

"That's just a goddamn sample! Now I don't want to hear one fuckin' word out of you slaves while we're in the air. Otherwise I kick your asses out at ten-thousand feet."

The slaves could see the gleam of his teeth as he grinned in triumph, hands on hips. Then Todd turned away, and a moment later they heard the cough of first one motor and then the other. The plane wallowed about, moving across the water to take off with a subtle roar.

"Jesus!" said Philip, so softly only the guys nearest could hear the word.
"The bastard!"

"They really mean it!" said the horrified Kelvin.

The naked guys moved closer together, for warmth and for comfort, huddling in a group as the plane glided through the night sky. Jerry could feel naked flesh on both of his flanks, but even that stimulation wasn't enough to make his cock stand hard.

The guys dozed, then woke with a start as the plane dropped out of the dawning sky, circling over the island a moment before settling to the lake. They couldn't see the great lodge house in the center of the forested island, or the scattering of small guest cottages almost concealed by the woods. A moment later the engines stopped, and Todd came back to open the door.

"All right, slaves -- everybody out! Fuckers on the left, cocksuckers on the right!"

He laughed at his own feeble joke, the teens groaning as they stumbled to their feet. Sensation seemed to have vanished from Jerry's arms as he moved out, blinking at the bright light as the sun rose over a tree-mantled hill to the east. Then he was on the dock, shoved by Todd toward a group of young men, all as naked as the slaves.

"Hold on, slave!" Hands caught Jerry's shoulder, spinning him around and yanking him back against a growing erection. The teen gasped as he felt the cockhead bang against his balls, the fingers moving around his sides to pinch his nipples and cup his cock, which was perversely growing hard, even against the ache that seemed to permeate every part of his body.

"Oh! Please!"

He gasped as his foreskin was worked back. He saw the other captors as they manhandled the rest of the newcomers in the same way. All were in their late teens, handsome youths, and as their cocks stood out to the manipulation, he saw that the shortest was at least eight inches long.

"Oh! OWWWWW!" Philip gasped. "Please, untie me!"

To Jerry's surprise the older guy worked against his bonds, at last coming up with a knife to saw through the thick knot. He sighed as his hands fell free, trying to raise his arms and rub his wrists. But new pain stabbed instead, his limbs refusing to move.

Then he was spun around to face his captor. The youth was handsome, golden-haired and copper skinned. He caught Jerry's hips, grinding the head of his cock in the teen's crotch. It was the most gorgeous prick Jerry had ever seen.

"Like my cock, slave?"

"Ye... yessir!" The guy gulped. "It's a very nice cock, sir!"

"Master!" He grabbed Jerry's erection, twisting cruelly, forcing the teen to his knees. "You call me 'Master', slave!"

"Yes -- yes, Master!" yelped the teen. "I'm sorry, Master! I won't make the mistake again!"

"Jesus!" said the guy holding Jack, looking at Jerry. "Look, fellas -- twins!"

The others looked around from their preliminary handling of the new guys, laughing. "Hey," said one, "Mr. Lassiter's outdone himself this time!"

This is my third summer on Slave Island, but it's the first time he's come up with twins!"

"The customers'll love them!" said another.

"Yeah!" said the first, grabbing Jerry's ears. "Suck my cock, slave! Suck it all the way!"

Unable to fend off his tormentor, Jerry's face was slammed down before he could open his mouth, the cockhead banging and bruising his nose. The teen gasped, new tears springing into his eyes as his head was yanked about and bent back until his neck was hurting as well.

"Suck, damn you! SUCK!"

"All of you bastards suck!" cried another.

"Yeah! Suck us!" echoed the other three. "Suck us!"

For a moment it seemed as though the youth was doing everything he could to prevent his captive from obeying. Then he relented, and the slick cockhead slammed between Jerry's teeth, all the way back into his throat.

The teen choked and tried to twist his face free, to no avail. The youth dug his thumbnails into Jerry's earlobes, almost drawing blood as his balls slammed against the guy's mouth.

"Goddamn you! You no good filthy slave! Suck my cock! SUCK MY COCK!"

Jerry heard the groaning and protesting of the other newcomers around him, but he was able to pay attention only to the cock between his teeth, his arms at last responding enough to let his hands move over the captor's thighs and up to his hips.

The cock trembled in his mouth and his throat, hurting terribly, the guy's tears coursing into the pubic growth, wetting the groin.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" cried another as Jack accepted him completely.
"SHIT! GOOD!"

HE'S GOOD!"

"Yeahhhhhhhhhh!" said Philip's captor. "Suck cock, slave! Suck your master's cock!"

There were other moans of pleasure from the youths as the pinned teens adjusted to their fate, accepting the terrible hard cocks completely.

Jerry swallowed against the one in his throat, his tongue caressing it, and his captor sighed with ecstasy.

"OH, GOD! GOOD! GOOD!"

Sobbing silently, Jerry managed to work his head back from the terrible prick, the youth relenting and easing his hold. Jerry hurt every place, but there was nothing to be done but accept this terrible chore.

"SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!"

His captor arched his back, thrusting his ass against Jerry's face, shoving his cock deeper into the guy's throat. Jerry's palms slid across sweat-slippery buttocks, across the cleft, feeling the tension of the corded muscles as the guy moved his hands to the back of the teen's head, pressing him down into his hairy crotch. He sighed and gasped again and again.

"Oh, Jesus! JESUS! SUCK ME!"

There was room for Jerry to come back an inch, barely more. Then he'd slammed down again, his nose aching when it hit the padded pelvis of his captor. The teen fought, trying to draw out farther, gaining a fraction of an inch each time, at last riding out until half of the eight-inch prick was boiling away the coating of saliva during the instant it was in the air.

"OH, JESUS! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! HE'S FUCKIN' GOOD! GOOOOOOD!"

The fingertips held the teen lightly now, Jerry's captor moving his legs and his feet farther apart for a better brace against the plunging fall as Jerry rode down on the delicious hot meat, tasting and enjoying the sweet prick as it cooked in his mouth. The youth's golden prick was circumcised, the head curved just enough to ride over Jerry's lips and teeth as the slave sucked with all of his strength.

"SHIT!" cried the guy holding Jack. "SUIT! BASTARD! BASTAAAAAARD!"

COMING! COMING!"

Jack was slammed down a final time against the massive cock shape in his mouth, almost all of the nine inches riding deep into his body. The youth who held him was dark, black-haired, Mediterranean. The uncut cock slammed deep into the guy's throat, pumping, throwing put sweet thick cum that passed untasted, spilling copiously into the guy's eager stomach.

Staggering, the youth released Jack, moving back, his cock falling to trace a slick across the teen's chin. Jack settled back on his heels, working his aching throat, touching his own burning erection as he looked around at the others. Kelvin had trouble accepting the prick in his mouth, the guy crying and twisting against it, his captor holding his head and digging his fingers into the guy's hair.

"Shit-ass freak! Suck me, damn you! SUCK!"

Feeling sorry for the guy, Jack glanced at the others. Louis seemed to have no trouble taking his cock intruder, although he didn't seem particularly happy. Philip was sucking eagerly, almost as good as the twins in servicing his lucky captor.

But Jerry was putting on the show that inflamed the lust of the other youths, creating jealousy. The guy was eagerly working on his sweet-tasting invader now, accepting all of the cock, taking it deep without encouragement from its owner. He sucked with all of his strength, rising to his feet to be able to approach the beautiful cock better, bending before it to offer a straight opening into his body, as though the burning prick were a sword swallower's weapon. The cock throbbed and jumped within his throat as the teen came all the way out to the end, then grabbed his captor's thighs with his fingertips to slam all the way back down again.

"JESUS! JESUSSSSSS! BEAUTIFUL!"

Kelvin's captor glared his jealousy, suddenly thrust the teen away and grabbed Jack instead. He yanked the guy to his feet.

"Can you suck like that, slave?"

"Owwww! Yes... yes, Master!"

"Show me!"

The cock was thicker than the one in Jerry's mouth but just a hair shorter. Afraid to refuse, Jack accepted it, the youth slamming all the way through the barrier at the first stroke, the guy's hands flying behind his back in his effort not to beat off his captor.

"Oh, yeah! Yeahhhhhh! SUCK ME!"

Kelvin sank back on his ass, watching in astonishment as he wrapped his arms around his drawn-up knees. At first he wasn't aware of Todd as the pilot came up behind him, then the hot stream of the man's piss slammed out against the guy's head, and he tried to roll away.

"Get back there, you shit!"

Todd's naked foot caught Kelvin's belly, pinning his thigh in a kneeling position. The piss stream started again and quickly soaked the guy's hair, falling down over his face and running down his back. He grimaced against the acrid odor.

"OH, SHIT! SUCK ME, SLAVE! SUCK ME!"

Jerry's captor was pounding his way into the teen again, drawing closer, to the moment of explosion and no longer able to leave the sucking to the teen alone. His cock rose toward his belly, Jerry turning sideways to keep it within his jaws. The teen sucked with all of his strength, afraid of losing the cock now that he had it.

"OOOOOOOYEAH! YEAH! SUCK!"

Todd released Kelvin, shaking the last few drops of his piss onto the teen as he fell over, drawing himself into a ball. The other youths were gasping now as they came closer to climax, pounding within their captors.

The one who had exploded first was rubbing his cock and balls again, masturbating himself. He kicked Kelvin, forced the guy to come up and take his cock into his fingers.

"GOD!" cried Jerry's captor. "JESUS! FUCK! SUCK!"

"OH, YEAH!" yelled the one who had taken Jack. "JESUS!
JESUSSSSSSSSS

CHRIST ALL FUCKIN' MIGHTY!"

The guy who had Philip only gasped, beyond expressing his pleasure, holding the guy tightly and fucking deep into his mouth, ignoring his struggles to twist free. The four cocks pumped together, the captors working toward the moment of explosion while Kelvin slowly masturbated the fifth youth, who sighed, holding the teen by his side, his hand pressing him gently.

"SUCK! SUCK MEEEEEEEEEE!"

"OH, SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!"

The cries of lust filled the early summer morning as the youths pounded their pricks deep into their helpless slave captives, slamming one final time as four sets of balls erupted together, in the same instant, flooding the guys with their spendings.

"SHIT! SHIT! SHIIIIIIIT!"

Jerry and Jack and Philip and Louis were slammed down against the wonderful hot rods one final time, hung there while the great cocks thundered.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The golden teen shoved Jerry away from his cock, sighing. The guy bounced on his ass, felt new pain through his injured body, gasped and rubbed his buttocks.

"Not bad, slave. We'll make a cocksucker out of you."

He cast an eye over the other new slaves. "Now hear this, slaves: the first guests will be here next week. Between now and then you'll learn to take cock any goddamn way they can think of to give it to you. If you think you got questions, forget them -- you're here to obey, not ask."

The big-cocked attractive youths prodded the new slaves to their feet, pushing the teens into a rough line. Todd laughed as they were marched away, stumbling against, each other, when a hand cracked the side of a face. They didn't see what happened to the pilot, nor were they to see him again until they were sold to their new masters.

A long rolling hill led to the main house, where the slaves discovered another dozen teens like themselves. Several of the teens were in obvious pain, wincing as they sat on asses wounded and marked with beatings. They studied the newcomers with quiet curiosity, none of them daring to speak while the staff members were within earshot.

"Breakfast! Line up!"

The earlier guys were scrubbed pink and shining from a morning shower, their hair wet and slicked down. The new guys were conscious of the stink of Todd's piss on their bodies as they were shuffled into place in the line. They were led into a barracks-like dining room, seated at two long tables laden with generous helpings of breakfast. While they ate the guys could almost forget the pains.

"Hurry up!" barked a staff member, patrolling the tables. "Come on -- you got a lot of cocks to suck today!"

Kelvin looked up as the guy came close, and he received a slap on the ear.

"What the fuck you looking at? Pay attention to what you're doing!"

"Yessir." The guy sniffed and was slapped again.

"'Master'! You forget and I'll crush your balls with a red hot pliers!"

"Yes, Master!"

Soon the meal was finished. The teens lined up again and marched outside to a grassy hillside behind the house. At the bottom of the hill were several ranks of jungle gyms and other acrobatic equipment. And then the new slaves saw the straps and ropes hanging from bars.

"For the benefit of the new slaves I'll spell out a couple of things.

First, forget you once had names -- here, you're slaves! You've already been told what's going to happen this summer. You can't escape, but just in case you're thinking of trying, remember this: runaways get tied to the rack and pulled apart! Slowly!"

The teens gulped at the graphic description as the teen indicated the torture instrument. Jerry could imagine the pain, in his joints, and he shuddered.

"You can cry if you want," said the teen. "In fact, some of the guests like the teens to make noise. So when somebody asks you how it feels, tell him at the top of your voice how much it hurts! Remember, no matter what a guest wants, you do it!"

"M-master?" Jack licked his lips as the teen spun on him. "Mr. Lassiter said he won't let the guests... shit in our..."

The teen ran down as the instructor approached him and yanked him out of the line. He held Jack's fingers in his fist, forcing them back painfully, until the teen gasped.

"Please! You're hurting me!"

"You're hurting me, Master!"

"Master!"

"You don't listen, slave! You don't hear good!"

"Owwwwwwww!"

"I said... you don't ask questions! You just do it!"

He twisted the teen's arm back behind his shoulder, holding Jack to make the punishment hurt even more. The teen gasped for breath against the pain, tears running freely from his eyes. He was being forced to his knees, but the teen wouldn't let him go.

"Ohhhhhhh! Master! Master!"

Suddenly he was released. He fell flat on his face, and the teen stepped on him, putting both feet in the small of Jack's back. He rocked back and forth on the teen a moment, staring at the others and then at his fellows.

"What'll we do with this one?"

"String him up!" cried one. "Hang him and fuck him!"

The teen jumped, once, crushing the breath from Jack's lungs. He caught him by the hair, dragging him to the nearest array of steel pipes.

Another of the instructors was there to take one hand, the two of them together lifting the teen and wrapping leather straps about his wrists, which were forced well apart. Then they released him, his toes brushing the top of the close-cropped grass.

"Ohhhhhh!" The teen groaned at the pain in his shoulders, trying to look over his arm as the instructors gathered behind him. He could hear them whispering, several of them giggling.

"Yeah, Charlie -- do it!"

"Turn around!"

A hand slapped the teen's face as a new instructor stepped out of the ranks. The youth was invisible to the bound slave, but Jerry saw him clearly, and he smothered a gasp. The teen's cock was even bigger than Lassiter's, as thick as his wrist as it dangled almost to his knees. The foreskin was cut away, permitting the great cockhead to spring out nearly half an inch on all sides of the shaft.

"Yeah!" said the blond. "Rip him open, Charlie!"

"No!" cried Jerry. "You'll kill him!"

He sucked in breath as several of the instructors turned around, realizing what he had done. The teens nearest him in line edged away as two of the instructors came at a run.

"Who the fuck said that?" demanded one. "You?"

Louis shook his head, sullenly. "No... Master."

"Who, then?"

"I did it, Master," said Jerry. He was frightened almost out of his wits, but he couldn't let one of the others be punished for something he had done.

"The goddamn twin!" said the instructor. "Come here! Maybe you don't understand, English?"

The instructor grabbed Jerry's hair, yanking the teen out of line and knocking him from his feet. He fell, his hands out to cushion the blow, and was being dragged across the grass, a limp bundle. He tried to twist away, to turn around to keep his balls from being pinched between ground and, belly, but the other instructor kicked him in the side, knocking out his breath.

"What'll we do with him, Charlie? He don't want you to fuck his brother!"

The instructors laughed as Jerry moaned, huddling against the ground. The huge cocked youth turned around, staring at the teen as though he were something disgusting.

"Thirsty?"

Jerry shook his head. "No."

A foot slammed the back of his head. "Get your fuckin' ass off the ground, you no good sonofabitch!"

Sobbing, Jerry stumbled to his feet. He hadn't seen which one kicked him, but all were pushing close, threatening. The only escape was closer to Jack's dangling legs, and he moved there until he felt his brother's ass against his face. His hand wrapped around Jack's leg, holding it while he sobbed in breath.

"I'm going to tell you this once, slave," said the golden youth, who seemed to be leader of the others. "When a Master or a guests asks if you're thirsty, or want something, a beating, your teeth knocked out, whatever, you say yes! Yes, Master!"

The teen nodded, his heart pounding. "Yes, Master!"

"Now Charlie's going to ask you again, and I want to hear the right answer, or you won't have to worry about pleasing the guests this summer!

You'll be fucking DEAD!"

He roared the last, Jerry shrinking away. And now Charlie moved before the teen again, repeating his earlier question.

"Yes, Master! I'm thirsty!"

"On your knees!"

He fell quickly, Charlie grabbing his hair, Jerry opening his mouth instinctively, knowing what was coming. The huge cock trembled in Charlie's fingers, an earthquake shaking his belly and making his balls

jump. Jerry thought he was ready, but the blast of piss was stronger than he expected, nearly rocking him away.

"Have a drink!" said Charlie, laughing.

The youth strained, pouring his golden stream against the teen's face, quickly filling Jerry's mouth. The teen gulped, swallowing as much as he could, not even tasting the stuff as it ran down into his belly. The rest splashed against him, soaking him, quickly chilling in the morning air.

"Ahhhhhhh, shit! Nothing like a case of beer at night to make a guy piss up a storm in the morning," said Charlie, playing his huge cock like a hose against the helpless teen. "Yeahhhhhh!"

The broad flat stream slowed and became a trickle, the last drops shaken against the teen's face. Jerry felt as though he were soaked, the stuff all over him, running down the small of his back and around his own cock, which stood embarrassingly erect.

His cock was noticed by the instructor. Charlie laughed. "Jesus, the kid's a natural! He got a hard-on just from being pissed on!"

The teen's ears burned, still kneeling in the puddle of piss. He swallowed as Charlie released his hair, tilted his chin upward, grinning.

"Let's see how good you can suck, slave!"

Jerry's eyes closed, remembering how he had taken the man in the limousine. This cock must be even bigger, but if he could accept that one, he could take anything, he hoped. His jaw cracked audibly as he forced it open, reaching up to hold the limp cock in his fingertips, guiding it toward his waiting lips, his eager lips. The thought burned as it crossed his mind, but he knew it was true -- he did want to suck this huge cock!

Oh, God! Was he losing his mind? How could he be enjoying this terrible ordeal?

"Oh, yeahhhhhhhh!" Charlie sucked in air as Jerry sucked in the head of his cock, taking it between his teeth. The teen licked across the surface, carrying away the remnants of the piss. Suddenly Charlie made his stomach jump, and another short spurt of the stuff splattered out, Jerry forming a trough with his tongue to drink it down, afraid of wasting a drop.

"Jesus!" Charlie stared, astonished. "He loves it!"

The piss was gone, no longer disgusting. It rested hot in his belly, which seemed comfortably full. Jerry swallowed again, studying the great cockhead, sucking it between his teeth. He released the shaft with his fingers, the middle sagging low, but the cockhead was locked between his teeth, preventing its escape.

"Oh, JESUS! SUCK ME!"

Now Jerry reached out to hold the instructor's legs, moving against him, his throat working and working as though the cockhead were already there to be swallowed down. It moved back, against the dangling uvula, which moved back out of the way as the teen gobbled more and more of the male sexual flesh into his throat.

"JESUSSSSSSS! I can't fucking stand it!"

Jerry came up on, his feet, squatting before Charlie, holding the youth's ass with his hands as he sucked the cockhead, swallowing and the head broke through the baffler, slipping into his throat.

"GAHHHHHHHH! Mother, bless me! I've fucking died and gone to Heaven!"

Charlie staggered, his feet moving farther apart as Jerry continued to suck him. The great cock was sliding down into the teen's body. Charlie was astonished, watching as the teen gobbled his meat down as though he was starving for cock. For huge cock.

"JESUSSSSSSS!"

The other instructors moved closer, crowding around the twins as Jerry sucked Charlie's cock with all of his strength. His teeth ached from being spread, but it was in! It was all in! The balls banged beneath his chin and swung against his throat, hitting his Adam's apple.

"Oh, Christ! Would you fuckin' look at that?"

Murmurs of astonishment moved through the crowd as the other teens tried to see Charlie's cock, but Jerry's lips were against the instructor's groin, holding him prisoner. The teen sighed, leaning forward, his head turning slightly to rest against his captor's belly as his fingers moved down across Charlie's thigh to touch and lift the dangling balls. They were heavy in the sac, monstrously large as he rolled them over and over.

"SHIT! SHIT! GAGGGGHHHHHHH!"

Charlie gasped for breath and fucked Jerry's mouth, his cock at last standing out. The blood rushed from the rest of his body, dangerously lowering his blood pressure as it swelled the balloon flesh of the great cock, making it grow even thicker. Jerry's breath was cut off, his tongue squashed flat against the back of his mouth. He gurgled as Charlie slammed against him again, so hard that Jerry went flying and fell off, tangling in Jack's legs.

"Jumpin' Jesus Christ! FUCK!"

Charlie gasped for breath, staring through wild eyes at his throbbing prick, and stepped forward, grabbing Jack's legs, pulling them back and spreading them like the handles of a wheelbarrow. The teen felt the massive cockshaft move between his legs, realized what was going to happen.

"NO! PLEASE, DON'T!"

Jack's cry of panic was wasted, ignored. Charlie grabbed the teen's hips, pulling his ass up against his groin, the thick cock sliding up the teen's belly to reach between his tits. The erection was so fierce it was enough to support the teen's weight, but Charlie held onto his hips while Jack gasped, closing his eyes.

"OWWWWWWW! NO! GOD! DON'T!"

The cockhead battered against his rectum, too broad to do more than bounce off the muscles of the buttocks. Gasping, Charlie repositioned the teen and wiped his fist across his mouth, then stabbed his thumb into the tender young rectum. Charlie screamed again.

"OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!"

"Yeah! Yeah, I please, slave! I please to ram my fuckin' cock up your ass! Fourteen inches, and you're getting every last one! Beg for it, you bastard! Let me hear you scream!"

He twisted his thumb around and then replaced it by two fingers as Jack obliged him, the scream ripping from his lips. Flat on the ground, Jerry looked up at his brother's naked body, Jack's cock pointing straight toward him, a spurt of piss bursting out in the teen's fear as Charlie reamed him with his fingers. The hot fluid splashed against Jerry, a new golden coating to be added to that of the earlier shower.

"OH OH OH OH! JERRY! HELP ME! HELP ME!"

"He can't help you, slave! Nobody can help you! Only my cock's gonna answer you! Speak to the slave, cock! Speak to him!"

Jerry saw the broad cockshaft moved between his brother's legs, Charlie drilling it into the opened rectum. The head pushed the tender flesh wider, stretching the muscles of the sphincter until the teen screamed again with the pain.

"OWWWWWWWWW! TEARIN'... ME APART!"

"I'll fuckin' split you wide open! YEAH!"

The cockhead worked through the ring of young muscle, Charlie forcing it, pushing with all of his strength, until suddenly it popped through. He staggered as the resistance suddenly ceased and his prick slid against the teen's shit, his chest falling against Jack's back. His hands moved around the

teen, coursing over his body, down to his burning erection and back up to his shoulders.

"Ohhhhhh, YEAH! YEAHHHHHHH! HOT asshole! TIGHT asshole!"

Charlie crowed in triumph as he penetrated the teen's defenses, his cock moving deeper, eight inches inside the teen, but six still hanging out.

The forward progress slowed, became impossible as he straightened again, holding Jack's hips. He pumped, but gained no more ground.

"Ohhhhhh, God!"

Jack moaned and blubbered, his head falling between his trussed-up arms, his hair hanging over his face. The grass beneath him was hazy, seemed a thousand miles away, fever burning through his flesh as the great cock moved back from its penetration, ripping the sphincter muscles again as it forced them to go the other way.

"Shit! Shit!"

Charlie humped forward again as he gasped the curse against the teen, his cock slamming all the way in. To Jack it was as though a baseball bat had been shoved into him, broad end first. The aching penetration was almost lost in the fiery pain of the torn sphincter. But the cock was moving steadily now, the teen moaning in rhythm with Charlie's slow and measured strokings.

"FUCK! FUCKIN' SLAVE! HEY! HEY! I'M FUCKIN' HIM!"

The others watched, every cock there hard, including those of the slaves.

The young teens stared in horror as the huge cock battered the helpless teen, wondering what it would be like to take the terrible instrument into their own bodies, a few of them jealous of Jack for being the one chosen for this rape.

"FUCK!" cried Charlie as the other instructors moved back toward the slaves, inflamed with lust and ready to start action of their own.

"FUCK! OHHHHHH, FUCK!"

More piss spurted from Jack's cock, falling against his brother, but the teen's fear was forgotten now as the great cock drilled into his body. He moaned, moaned again, on the verge of pleasure, the sensation of fucking spreading throughout his body, warming him and, washing away the earlier pain.

"Oh, fuck!" he sobbed. "Fuck... Master! Fuck me!"

"Yeah?" Charlie stared, astonished. "You love it, slave? You want it?"

"Yes!" cried the teen. "FUCK ME! MASTER, FUCK ME!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Charlie slammed into Jack a few more strokes, then dug his nails into the teen's hips, gasping for breath. He sucked air into his lungs, his belly leaping and his balls drawing tight its prostate and testes worked together to produce the great blast of white fluid that slammed deep into the tortured young body.

"OH, JESSUSSSSSSS! CHRIST! ALMIGHTY! GOD!"

"OH OH OH OH OHHHHHHHH! MASTER! MASTER!"

"OH, FUCK! FUCK!"

Charlie's knees sagged and he staggered, Jack's hips twisting against the penetrating prick. The helpless teen sobbed as his shoulder tendons were torn against the straps holding him, the youth in his ass dropping to his knees, his great cock coming down. It was so long that the head remained within the teen's sphincter until Charlie's ass fell to his heels, and then the weight of the terrible prick carried it, slick with Jack's shit, down against the grass.

"Jesus!" Charlie swallowed. "I think my fucking balls died! Christ!"

Jack sagged from the straps holding him, swooning. There was a great empty sensation in his body where the prick had rested. Suddenly he farted, wet, and felt a trickle of liquefied shit moving down the crack of his ass. Jack's face could redden no more in his embarrassment, but he knew shame, blinking down at Jerry.

"Come here!"

One of the other instructors was there, slamming Jack out of the way, reaching down to drag Jerry to his feet.

"You like cock?"

Jerry swallowed, remembering his instructions. "Yes, Master!" he answered, half in fear and half in eagerness. "I love cock!"

"Good! Have some!"

The throbbing knobby shaft butted against the teen's lips, Jerry eagerly sucking it in and down. He fell to his knees before the redhead, the teen holding his ears and sighing as he pumped against the teen.

"Oh, God! Hot, hot mouth! Like an oven!"

He fucked his eight-and-a-half inches into Jerry's sucking lips, banging his balls against the teen's chin. The cock was alive with life of its own as it rode deep into the teen, and Jerry found himself forced backward, carried down until he lay flat on the ground, the redheaded youth slamming down into his month.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck! SWEET FUCK!"

The teen was driven by passion out of control as he fucked his cock down into Jerry's face, driving it against the teen's teeth, ignoring the stabs of pain where lent couldn't meet the straight stroke. His eyes were glazed, his breath heated as he slammed again and again into the teen, slammed down, to miss, his cock banging beside the teen's face and his ear.

"Shit! SHIT! TAKE IT!"

"Master!" Jerry cried out, fending off the falling hips with his hands, which were doubled painfully as his wrists bent back with the force of the blow. "Please, Master -- let me turn around!"

The youth heard from a distance, shaking his head. He paused on stiff arms, staring at the teen beneath his body. Jerry saw madness there, lust inflamed beyond reason.

"Well?" roared the redhead. "DO IT!"

Jerry scooted around, positioning himself again so that the falling cock could enter his mouth cleanly, could slide into the natural curve of his

throat. He reached up to take the teen's hips, summoning the last reserve of strength to ease the slam as the redhead dropped into him again, sucking the cockhead past the barrier of his throat, his lips sliding up to gobble the pubic circle.

"Ohhhhhh, shit! SHIT! Gooooooooood!"

The teen supported himself on his stiff arms, his eyes closed as his ass stabbed his cock down into the prostrate teen on the grass. Jerry's own prick was hard, tight against his belly, his balls flopping around each time the force of the falling instructor jarred his chin and made him leap in reflex. The teen wanted to reach down and up himself, rub himself, but he couldn't. He didn't dare release the redhead.

"Ohhhhhh, yeah! Yeahhhh! Nice! Nice slave! Nice!"

The redhead crooned as he fucked down into Jerry, his anus folding up now, elbows bending outward to let his face come down closer to the teen's groin. He was eight inches taller, half that in his trunk. His chin dropped between the youth's legs, Jerry's balls trapped beneath his throat, the slave's cock burning hot against his sternum.

"Hot! Hot!"

Only his ass was working now, fucking his cock down into Jerry's throat, the redhead's hands sliding over the teen's ass and smooth thighs, reaching beneath Jerry as he drew up his knees to probe the brown pucker between his buttocks. Jerry gasped around the cock as it retreated from his face, the meat sweet against his tongue and the soft palate. His tongue curved around the shaft, tried to glue itself there as the teen stroked into him again, gently.

"Oh, fuck!" he said, softly, almost whispering. "Fuck! Sweet fuck!"

Sweeeeeeet... fuck!"

Jerry's hands roamed the redhead's ass, reached up to the small of the teen's back, dancing lightly, tracing the swell of the muscles and the ridges caused by his ribs. The younger teen reached down the length of the top teen's

body, touched the small patches of hair that were wet in his armpits, stroked lightly against the swelling arms.

"Oh, God! God... love it!"

The teen's chin dug down into Jerry's balls, inhaling the fragrance of the unwashed teen, smelling the stink of other men's piss on him. It seemed to inflame him. He turned his face, pulled his chin back to dig it against the bottom of Jerry's cock, his tongue moving out to trace the teen's balls. His fingers came up to smooth out the prisoner's pubic hair where it lightly coated his scrotum, yanking it out a stand at a time.

"Oh, nice! Nice!"

Jerry felt the tiny pain as his hair was pulled from his balls, but it was lost in the wash of other sensations. He sucked more gently against the cock in his throat as the redhead's fucking slowed, nearly stopped.

He was barely moving now, enjoying the warmth of covering the naked teen with his own flesh, enjoying just being with Jerry beneath his naked body.

"Oh, yesss... suck! Suck me!"

Jerry was doing his best to obey, responding to the whispered exhortations by flicking his mouth up against the long prick, trying to make his captor move again. The teen smiled happily, working Jerry's cock up beside his face, rubbing his thumb over the hole in the tip. He caught the triangle of flesh tying the foreskin to the glans and pulled it out between thumb and forefinger, admiring the youthful sheen of the cockhead.

"Slave! Beautiful slave! Beautiful slave! Do you want your master to suck your lovely prick, beautiful slave?"

Jerry couldn't form words against the cock in his throat, but he humped his groin up against the redhead's face. The teen smiled and forced the cock up straight, riding back slightly and bending his own cockshaft against Jerry's

teeth. He held the teen's prick, examining it critically, pulling a few single hairs from the base of the shaft.

"Gah! GAH! UGGGGG! UGGGG EEEEE!"

Jerry fucked up again, willing the teen to take his cock. He was burning up with sexual fever, sweat pouring from every pore in his body. His legs throbbed, his heels drumming against the grass as the instructor continued to torment him.

"HURT ME!" begged the teen, trying to scream around the throbbing cockshaft. "PEASE!"

The redhead heard, deciphered the garbled words, and took the dry cockhead against his burning lips. Jerry uttered a low sigh and fell back again, no longer trying to force his mouth up against the teen's groin, accepting his weight and his pressure. He moved his heels farther apart, his legs trembling as the instructor nibbled at his burning glans with his lips.

"GOOHHHHHHHHH!"

"Good!" said the redhead. "Tastes good!"

He licked the cockhead, tasting Jerry's meat and pre-seminal fluid, the teen's cock jumping in his fingers. He rose above Jerry, moved over the center of his body, digging his elbows into the junction of hips and legs beneath him, and accepted the meat between his teeth.

"OHHHHHHHHH! GOD!"

Jerry thrust up, but the redhead retreated, teasing, staying just out of reach. Only the cockhead had touched the roof of the teen's mouth and was wet now with the first bit of his saliva. Tears flowed from the helpless teen's eyes, tears of frustration as he willed the youth over him to suck his burning erection. Suck it!

Despite the earlier torturing of Jack, the redhead received as much sexual enjoyment from sucking Jerry's cock as did the slave. He relented,

accepting the shaft, riding it across the roof of his mouth as he came down on the teen. Jerry's six inches were just enough to be taken easily, pushing against his uvula but not forcing into his throat. The cockshaft was slender enough to be held easily between the youth's teeth, sucked on with all of the considerable suction of his throat.

"GOH! GAHHHHHHHHH!"

Jerry thrust again, the wet, fiery sensation coursing through the muscle tissue of his cock as he tried to fuck up into his captor. Tears of joy sprung from his eyes, spilling over his cheeks as the youth sucked down on him, taking all he had, digging his chin into lefty's balls. The teen on the bottom writhed in pleasure, wrapping his hands about the instructor's asscheeks, yanking down in an effort to start him fucking again.

"GAH! GAHHHHH! AGGGHHHHHHH!"

"Sweet cock! Cock!"

The youth came off Jerry's prick just long enough to gasp out the endearment, then dove down again, planting his lips against the teen's pubic patch and turning his face back and forth, trying to screw the cock in his mouth back into his throat. His teeth scraped the tender tissue, making Jerry yelp and gasp beneath him, his own cock stroking into the teen again. His ass rose above Jerry's face, fell slowly again until the pelvis bruised the thin flesh over the teen's sharp chin, his balls slapping against Jerry's eyes and blinding the teen.

"GAH! AHHHHHHHHH!"

"Oh, suck! Suck me, slave! SUCK ME!"

Jerry gasped again as the redhead came off his cock to cry out the demands, wrapping his arms tight, locking his wrists about the instructor's buttocks in an effort to keep that sweet, wonderful cock pounding down into his mouth. The fucking strokes were again growing longer, prodding deeper, riding all the way into the throat of the helpless teen on the bottom.

Except Jerry wasn't helpless. His teeth dragged against the stabbing, darting cockflesh, locking against the rim of the glans when it tried to retreat. Burning with his own passion, Jerry bit down with all of his strength as the cock slammed into his body again, the youth fucking him crying out against the sudden pain. But it was not enough to make him stop. He stabbed again, gasping, tears burning from his eyes, fucking through the pain.

"OH, SHIT! JESUS! BITE ME! BITE IT OFF!"

The teen slammed back into Jerry's mouth, holding himself there, momentarily coming off the teen's cock, supporting himself on stiffened arms while Jerry sawed at the base of the swollen shaft with his teeth.

"BITE IT! BITE MY COCK! BITE!"

Jerry tried to oblige him, the pain throbbing deep as the teen cried out again and again. Suddenly he fell back onto Jerry's cock, wrapping his arms around the prisoner's buttocks and pulling his ass up until Jerry's cock was completely within his throat, chewing and chomping with all of his strength.

"Owwwwww! OwwwwwwWWWW!"

Jerry screamed in sudden pain, releasing the cock he was chewing, and a moment later the youth did the same. For a moment or two the two teens still lay against each other, gasping for breath. Then the sucking motion started again, the cocks never coming from the mouths, never softening even in the moment of hurting. They stroked into each other, the redhead falling against Jerry as the young teen thrust his ass up against him, sucking hard.

Above them Jack stared, jealous as his brother was drawn to sexual Heaven. He hated the redhead for drawing the cries of pleasure and exultation from his twin as the two fucked, Jack's cock burning hard against his belly but useless to him. He wanted to kill the bastard --

kill both of them.

Blazing with hatred, the teen suddenly drew up his knees, ignoring the new strains put upon his body, and kicked out against the redhead, futilely. The teen felt the breeze as Jack's feet passed over his head, scant inches away but too far to touch, much less do damage. Sobbing, the tied twin sagged against his bonds again.

Jerry saw what Jack had tried to do, and rolled away from his twin's kicking feet. The redhead was lost in the sexual pleasures of sucking the youth. They lay on their sides for a moment, slamming together in classic sixty-nine. Now Jerry could pump against the instructor. He rolled again, and was the captor instead of captive. He thrust his cock deep into the youth's throat and slammed his mouth down against the teen's groin, his fingers coming around to tease and play with his balls.

Unaware of the change in position, aware only of the wonderful sensations coursing through his guts, stabbing into his throat, the redhead permitted Jerry to take over the active role in the fucking. Cock was in throat, cock being sucked -- nothing else mattered. His tongue stroked the retreating young cock, stabbing against the oozing urethral opening in the instant of greatest withdrawal. Jerry slammed down again, fucking and pumping with all of his strength, which seemed greater than ever. He was burning calories, using the tissues of his body in the mad fucking plunge, but if he had known he could not have stopped -- would not have stopped knowing death was only ten fucking strokes away.

Others, however, saw what had happened. There were four more instructors than there were slaves, now that Jack was bound to the rack. Two of the extras came close to the duo beneath the rack and kicked their feet at the same time from opposite sides, one slamming against Jerry's thighs, the other bruising his ribs.

"OW!" Jerry came up for breath. Fingers grabbed his hair, dragging him away.

"Oh, don't! PUT HIM BACK!" cried the redhead. "GIVE ME THAT COCK!"

"You stupid fuck!" cried one of the newcomers. "Get on your feet, goddamn it! You want to fuck the slave, fuck him right!"

Moaning, the redhead grasped his pumping cock shaft, drawing up his knees and rocking from side to side, and the first blast of semen shattered the morning air, rose to splash against the teen tied above him. Jack saw the hot white bullet coming, winced away as it hit his chest, and trickled down to his bellybutton. The next slammed almost as high, just missing the teen. It fell back, splashing with the rest of the spurts against its creator.

"Ohhhhhhh, God! God! Cock me! COCK ME!"

The redhead moaned, rolling again, his fellows staring at him in disgust.

Jerry had landed on his ass, supported himself on one stiff arm, his fingers cupping his own shaft protectively as they moved closer to him.

"You liked to be sucked, slave?" demanded one.

"Yes, Master!" he answered, quickly.

"You want to suck your own goddamn cock?" shot the other staff teen, glaring hatefully at the frightened teen.

"Oh!" Jerry stared at them, "... yes, Master! But I don't know how!"

"We'll teach you, slave!"

The instructors grabbed him, rolled him back onto his shoulders, each dropping to one knee and leaning down against the helpless captive. Jerry gasped at the pain in his arms, and again as they caught his buttocks, forced his ass to bend against his face. They folded him up, gasping, at the exertion, the teen's hard cock poking against his forehead and sliding into his hair.

"Owwwww! You're hurting me!"

"Tough shit! Shithead!"

The staff teens released Jerry's shoulders from their hands and slammed their knees down in replacement, using both hands now to bend his body.

They doubled his legs back until his heels hit his ass, forcing him down again, bringing pressure to bear against his ass when his cock seemed about to miss the target again. The teen sobbed continually as his prick was forced back, one teen holding it, until the glans brushed his lips.

"Yeah!" shouted the teen, triumphant. "Open your mouth, slave! Take it!"

Not releasing the pressure, they worked him down again, forced Jerry's cock between his teeth, into his mouth. Unable to do anything else, the teen accepted his prick, pressing his lips about it, gently. His whole body seemed to be in flames, paining him, not pleasuring him. The worst of the hurt was in his back.

"Suck, slave! Suck your goddamn cock!"

As the instructor roared out the instructions he moved his finger against Jerry's rectum and stabbed it through the sphincter. The teen jerked in reflex as the bony joint twisted around in his guts, turning back and forth and rubbing across the prostate.

And hot cum flooded into his throat. His own cum! Jerry had tasted himself before and licked his spillings from his hand and sucked it from Jack's body and Jack's mouth, but this was the first time he had ever taken it direct from the source. It coursed hot and sweet across his tongue, even sweeter than his twin's. He swallowed, and began to suck harder, drawing it out, drawing his own balls as they melted and ran out the hole in his cock.

CHAPTER NINE

A week later the slaves were herded down to the dock to meet the first planeload of guests. There were thirty-two teens now, the last of them having arrived two days ago. Their hands were once more tied behind their backs, the teens prodded along by the twenty older staff teens.

They saw the plane appear high in the sky, seconds later heard the drone of its engines. Lassiter was with them to welcome his vacationers. The teens were formed in a single long line, curving around the island-end of the dock. The slavemaster stood behind the twins, his hands resting on their shoulders.

"Chin up, slaves!" he called, cheerfully. "Suck in those guts! Look your best so I'll be proud of you!"

Most of the slaves glared towards the man who owned them, who was planning to sell them again in two short months.

"They're coming!" said Kelvin, beside the twins. The teen swallowed, twisting his hands against his bonds, his cock sticking out hard as it had ever since he had been tied up this morning. His face burned with excitement.

Other faces were red as the plane hit the water, spraying water in a great sheet. Then the engines reversed and the roar momentarily doubled as it slowed, then began to taxi toward the dock. And other cocks were hard as the door opened and the first of the naked men stepped out onto the firm land again.

The prisoners stared as the twenty guests came up toward the line of slaves, most of the newcomers wearing broad grins. Many of the guests were older, past forty or even fifty. But a few were young, even handsome. The teens looked at the wide array of cocks. At least there were no gut rippers like Lassiter and Charlie, not in this first day's bunch.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said Lassiter. "Most of you have been here in other years, and you've all had the rules explained. Pick out the teen you want, and if no one else asks for him he's yours. If more than one guest wants a teen, then there'll be a lottery to see who gets him at what hour. The twins stay together, so make the most of them while you have the chance."

The guests spread out along the line of teens, grabbing cocks and stroking them into erection, a few of them dropping to their knees to suck the teens into their mouths. They asked names, a few choosing one target at the very beginning, others moving along the line to sample a variety. Almost all tried the twins, holding the paired cocks together and lifting their balls for a look at the advertised birthmarks.

"Beauties!" said one. "How much to take them now?"

"I haven't established a walk away price Sexton. I'll wait until a few bids are in."

"But how much do you think?" insisted the man. "Fifty-thousand?"

Lassiter laughed. "Far more than that. Fifty won't even open the bidding on sale day."

Disappointed, the man moved on, another coming behind him to quickly grab the twins by the cock, jerking each a perfunctory two times. His eyes lit up as he moved onto Kelvin, placing his hands on the teen's shoulders.

"This one for me, Mr. Lassiter!"

"I thought he would be, Mr. Burton."

"A nice cock," sighed the man, stroking the teen and pressing him against the rolls of fat on his belly. "Oh, yes, a sweet cock! How much to take him now?"

"Walkaway?" Lassiter shrugged. "Fifty thousand. You'll get him for half that at the sale."

"But I can't wait that long!" Burton looked at his fellow guests. "Has anyone else asked for him today?"

"No, he's yours. You have the yellow cottage, as usual."

"Good! Come with me!"

He grabbed Kelvin's arm, moved fast through the line, heading along the shore. For a fat man he moved surprisingly quickly, his ass bouncing with each step he took. Kelvin was forced to jog to keep up with him as they entered a woods trail, followed it around the curve of the island to where a small yellow house was nearly concealed by brush.

The door was open, Burton pushed the teen inside and grabbed his wrists, untying them feverishly. Kelvin felt the man's cock push up against his ass cheeks as the rope fell away and he shook out his hands.

"Beautiful!" Burton spun the teen around and dragged him into his anus, smothering his face with kisses. "Gorgeous! Do you love me, teen?"

Kelvin gasped for breath, remembering his training. "Yes, Master! I love you!"

"Sweet slave! Delicious!"

The cottage was gloomy, with only a single huge mattress on the floor for furniture. Burton pushed Kelvin back until the teen tripped over the edge of the mattress and fell, the man covering him with his jiggling body, the teen's cock stabbing at Burton's bellybutton.

"Oh, Christ! Hot teen! Sweet teen!"

His great tongue slurped out against the teen, across his chest, almost soaking him. Kelvin's arms were pinned down as the man covered him with kisses, tasting every part of him, washing him with his tongue. His tongue stabbed into the teen's nose and ears, against his eyes, then into his mouth, forcing its way back against the opening to the throat.

"Oh, yes! I'm going to eat you, teen! Eat you all up!"

He set out to prove his words, nibbling his way down the teen's arms and up his legs, working across his body, leaving only nipples and genitals untouched. His wet kisses touched everything else but those two most private places, and then he turned the teen over, spinning him around, and repeated the laying across his back and buttocks, forcing his tongue into the teen's tight asshole.

"Oh! Ohhhhhhh! Master!"

"You like that, teen? That feels good?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, Master!"

"Beautiful!"

He caught Kelvin's hips, dragging the teen's ass up against his face as he worked again on the rectum, forcing at least three inches of his tongue into the sphincter. It felt like a pliant cock as it stabbed deep, wiggled around inside, and came back out to cover Kelvin's tight balls.

"Oh, yes, Master! Suck me! Suck my balls!"

Laughing, Burton picked the teen up, his thumbs digging beneath the teen's ribs, long pudgy fingers pressing around his back, and stood him on his head. Kelvin's legs fell against the man as Burton worked his way down, sucked both balls into his mouth at the same time, and bit hard.

"OWWWW! MASTER! YOU HURT ME!"

"Yes, teen! Yes, you beautiful piece of sweet meat! I'm going to eat you all up, every last bit of you!"

Again he nuzzled Kelvin's balls, chewing the tiny eggs between his grinding teeth, biting down until the teen screamed again.

"Owwwwwww! NO! NO! PLEASE, DON'T!"

"But I want to!" cried the man, dumping the teen over on his back again, Kelvin's head between his legs. His own heavy testicles dropped onto the

teen's forehead. "I'm going to buy you just to eat you!"

He leaned forward over the teen, pinched one nipple by gathering the flesh around it, and bit down on it, sawing back and forth with his teeth. Gasping and crying with pain, Kelvin tried to roll away.

"You'll tear it off! Please!"

"Yes, and when that's off I'll take the other one too." He shifted tits to demonstrate. "Then I'll go down and bite your balls off, one at a time, and when I've got them swallowed down into my belly. I'll take your cock! Beautiful cock! Sweet cock! Ummmmmmmm!"

He caught the teen's ass, slamming Kelvin back between his thighs, mouthing the burning erection and chewing on the teen's cock flesh.

"Yes, sweet! Sweeeeeeeet!"

"Oh, God!" Kelvin sobbed as the man tortured him with his teeth, tearing again and again at the unprotected cock, kneeling on Kelvin's arms when the teen tried to reach down and cover himself with his hands. Yet his cock remained burning hard as it slammed into the man's throat, Kelvin's ass rising to force it back.

"AHHHHHHH, SHIT! SWEET Shit! I'M GONNA FUCK YOU!"

Burton came over the top of the teen, turning around and catching his heels, throwing them up until Kelvin's asshole was open to his penetration. He slammed his cock down with all of his strength, forcing the barrier at the first blow and tearing through. His cock was six inches long, thick enough for Kelvin to gasp in pain as it bottomed out in him, throbbing with a life of its own.

"SWEET! SWEET ASS! FUCK! FUCK!"

"Ohhhhhhh, please! You're hurting me!"

"Shit, this isn't hurting! Wait until I eat you up! You'll hurt when I really do it, bite off your tits and your balls and your cock! And when I'm down with

that I'll gut you out and dress you for the oven. I'll have meat until Christmas!"

He was crazy! He must be crazy! Tears poured out of Kelvin's eyes, Burton reaching up to wipe them away from the teen's cheeks with his thumbs, balancing himself on first one elbow and then the other as he licked the pads clean.

"SWEET! SWEET! SWEET! YEAHHHHHHHHHH!"

On the other side of the island the twins faced the man who had won them for the first two hours of the morning. He was younger than their father, and handsome. A smile curled his dark face as he studied the teens, squatting on his heels and holding their asses.

"Do you want us to suck you, Master?" asked Jack.

"In a little while. First I want to suck you -- both of you."

He drew the twins closer, their cocks lifting out over their balls. He turned his head to take in Jerry's glans and then, holding it, turned back to take Jack. His tongue moved wetly over the two cockheads, which quickly moved in deeper as the shafts behind them lifted out, thickening and hardening. The teens sighed, arching their backs and pushing their cocks against the man.

"Oh, Master! That's good!" gasped Jerry.

"Good!"

"Yes!" Jack sighed his pleasure. "Oh, yes! Suck us, Master! Suck our cocks!"

The twins were still tied and struggled for balance as the man forced both of the cocks into his mouth until they banged together, Jerry's sliding up across the roof of his mouth, Jack's banging his teeth.

Laughing, the man released Jerry, sucked Jack in all of the way, and took the teen's balls as well, puffing them over his teeth.

"OH!" Jack gasped his surprise as his testicles were rolled by the tongue, pressed up against his hard cock. "OH, MASTER! SUCK ME, MASTER!"

Jerry stared, jealous at his twin's good fortune, wishing he could finger his cock. His shoulders were aching with the strain of being tied, but his cock had never been harder! The man was both beautiful and pleasant.

They were fortunate to draw him for their first guest.

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

Jack gasped again as the man released him, the teen staggering back to fall onto the mattress. Now the dark guest caught Jerry's hips, dragging the teen over him where he squatted. His cock poked up from the nest of his groin, ten inches of slender prick sticking out from his belly.

"Put your legs outside mine!" he said, eagerly.

Jerry obeyed, as the man sat him down against the head of his prick. The teen sucked in air when the cockhead hit his rectum, sliding easily into the opening. Their faces were only inches apart as the captive teen was guided down against the sliding cock, until almost half of it was inside.

At that point his legs hit the man's, further progress impossible.

"Oh, tight! Mmmmmmm!"

The dark man mumbled as he kissed the teen, his tongue stabbing deep into Jerry's mouth. The teen responded as best he could, wishing his hands were free. He wanted to wrap his arms around this wonderful man, return his kisses.

"OHHHHHHH, YES! Beautiful!"

Sighing, the teen was released, gasping for breath. The man put the tips of his fingers beneath Jerry's buttocks, balancing him a moment. Then he began to rock on his toes, back and forth, his arms going around the teen's middle to hug him close. Each time he rocked forward his cock stabbed farther into Jerry's guts.

"OH! OH, MASTER! MASTER!"

"Yes! Yesssss! Beautiful! Beautiful!"

"Ohhhhhhh, God! Ohhhhhh, fuck me, Master! FUCK ME!"

"Sweet! Beautiful ass! I will fuck you, teen! I will fuck you!"

He crooned to Jerry as he continued to rock back and forth, back and forth, slobbering the teen's breast with wet kisses. But there was no effort to hurt him, to give pain. There was only love in this caress. The man worked his cock deeper into the teen's body, his own asshole clutching open and shut, open and shut, cool air moving across it each time he rocked.

"Oh, God!" He looked at Jack. "Come here! Get behind me, down behind me!"

Jack hurried to obey, glad to be drawn back into the action. He sat on the floor behind the man, his cock throbbing hard against his belly.

"Can you put it in me? Slide your feet between my legs and push it up into me!"

There was little room, but the teen bent his feet forward until they hurt with the strain, and managed to work them beneath the man's ass.

Once he could straighten them again it was easier, his hands behind his back wiggling in frustration.

"Can't you untie me, Master?" he cried.

"No, slave! You must do it alone, without your hands. Work along, you can do it!"

Humping his ass forward, Jack managed to move farther beneath the man, his cock at last hitting the upward swell of the buttocks. The man sighed as he felt it, and rose up, nearly tipping Jerry forward. But he balanced himself, holding Jerry with both hands as Jack directed his cock up against the eager asshole.

"Oh, yes -- you're there!"

Sighing, he lowered himself, twisting his ass from side to side as he took Jack's prick into his rectum. The teen gasped as the wet tube came down over him, the buttocks settling against his legs.

"It's in, Master! All the way!"

"Good slave! Good slave!"

"But with my hands tied I can't fuck you!"

"I'll take care of the fucking, slave. Ohhhhhhh, good!"

He rocked back on. Jack's rampant prick, the teen leaning back as far as he dared and trying to thrust up against him. Then he moved forward again, rocking his own cock up into Jerry's slick tube. The teens gasped in time with the fucking, Jack as his cock went up, Jerry on the next stroke.

They were heated with passion, sweat pouring out of all three bodies, soaking Jack's crotch and puddling beneath the teen.

"Ohhhh, God! Sweet slaves! Beautiful slaves!"

"Oh, Master!" cried the twins together. "Master!"

"Fuck, slaves! Let us fuck together! FUCK!"

Rocking back and forth, the man felt Jack's load start as a slow oozing that stretched the urethral tube, stretched the cock around it as the floodtide came up, rising quicker and quicker, ready to explode. He bit down on his jaw and redoubled his rocking efforts, thrusting his own cock deeper into Jerry. And the teen on top of the triplet arrangement knew he was going to blast without touching his cock, burning from the cock riding through his guts.

"OH, MASTER!" cried Jack. "OHHHHH!"

"Master!" Jerry gasped for breath. "Master! I'm gonna COME! COME!"

"Beautiful! BEAUTIFUL! GOD!"

The three blasts came at once, Jerry's popping high from his cock to splash against his chin, rolling down his corded chest, streaking his belly. His cock continued to spurt, the next gob flying before the teen's face. He tried to dart his tongue out and grab it, but it missed by three inches. The third spurt rose to fall back against his belly, and the fourth only coated his cock.

"OHHHHHHH, MASTER!"

"Yes! Yes, slaves! Yes! Come! Come!"

Jack's load of semen soaked into the shit mass in the asshole above his cock, while Jerry felt the wash of the man's flood in his guts. The rocking continued a moment longer as the last spurts of activity died away, three sets of balls shriveling. Then he sighed, relaxing his tension against Jack's cock, pushing the other teen off him, coming to his feet to stagger and fall across the bed.

"Oh! Come here and suck me, one on my cock and the other on my asshole!"

The twins obeyed, moving quickly, dropping beside him to work a face into his groin, accepting the shitty cock, and a tongue into his slick sphincter.

Three days later the teens were lined up at the dock again, tied, except for those still with guests who had stayed over. Some of the first day's group had left the next morning, the dark man among them. This morning Burton kissed Kelvin, stabbing his tongue deep into the teen's mouth while he tied him.

"Two short months! Then I'll be back to take you home and eat you! You'll be in my belly!"

Kelvin sobbed as the man moved onto the plane, and the leader of the staff teens moved behind him.

"What's the matter? He tell you he's gonna eat you? He just says that to scare you -- he never comes back."

The teen blinked his tears away, looking up. "Really, Master?"

"Really. Now get over to green cottage, one of the guests is waiting for you."

Big-cocked Charlie came over as Kelvin scampered off. "He the one Burton marked for this year?"

The leader nodded. "Yeah. I just told him it was a lie. We don't want him scared for the rest of the guests." He grinned. "Jesus, wait until he sees Burton on sale day! He'll shit right there!"

"This year we'll see it," said Charlie. "Shit, it doesn't seem like three summers already. I'll hate giving up this cushy job. I guess I'll have to start catching slaves of my own, maybe start an island of my own."

"Yeah," said the other. "I'm with you."

CHAPTER TEN

The prince arrived in the middle of the summer. By that time the twins had lost track of the hundreds of men who had taken them, had fucked them and used them in every conceivable way. They were numb to the biggest cocks, had been fucked and sucked upside down and every which way but inside out.

The morning of the prince's arrival Jack and Jerry were kept out of the line up for the first time, left in his cottage. They were to be his exclusively for the twenty-four hours he would be on the island. Charlie told them how lucky they were when he appeared to tie their hands.

"Jesus, a fuckin' prince!"

"Where is he from?" asked Jack.

"Shit, I don't know -- Arabia or Persia, some goddamn place like that."

The teens were laying back to back on the mattress when he appeared, only minutes after the plane's engines stopped. He stood in the doorway, seen by Jerry first, a shadow no more than two inches taller than the rest. At first Jerry thought he was a member.

Then he came into the cottage, smiling, and the twins saw his moustache and his thick wedge shaped cock that seemed all the bigger because of his size. The hard prick stood eight inches from a thick bush of curly black pubic hair, the balls below it hanging loose. There was a scattering of black hair around his nipples, a faint line from his cock to his bellybutton, thick bushes in his armpits.

"Stand," he said, gently. The teens obeyed and he squatted, lifting their testicles. "Ah, you are Jerry, and you are Jack. Charming!"

He stood again and pulled them into his arms, kissing first one teen and then the other. Then he brought them together, all three mouths meeting at once, his tongue moving out to stroke their parted lips. The teens'

breath blew hot against his moustache, stirring the individual hairs.

"Do you like me, slaves?"

"Yes, Master!" they echoed together, telling the truth. He was the most pleasant master they had met to this point. Smiling at their answer, he cupped their balls again, drew them with him to the mattress, falling flat on his back.

"Who wants to sit on my cock?"

The teens butted asses trying to be first. Jerry won. He started to lower himself against the great cockhead, which seemed almost an inch thicker at the glans than at the base, his face contorted from the effort to keep his balance without the use of his hands.

The prince caught the teen's hips, guiding him down, the great cock length entering him easily. The teen straddled the man's hips, looking toward his face, his legs doubled back as the ass continued to fall until it touched the man's groin.

"Oh, yes! That is very nice, Jerry!"

Jerry swallowed. "Fuck me, Master!"

"In good time, Jerry." He glanced at Jack. "Kneel over my face, Jack.

Yes, put your cock into my mouth. When you're down in me, suck Jerry."

Jack obeyed the command, his legs pressing close to the man's head, the teen leaning forward to stab his cock through the eager rounded lips. The man sucked him in, the teen gasping at the cool touch as the tongue moved all the way up the bottom of his shaft to probe at the testicles, stabbing the red heart. Then Jerry fell back as Jack's lips gobbled in his cock.

"Oh, Jesus! Jesus!"

The prince let Jack's cock escape. "Blasphemy is not necessary, slaves. I do not take Allah's name in vain, you are not to take the prophet Jesus in such a

manner."

Chastised, the teens looked at each other shame-faced. Then the man caught Jack's hips again, sucking him all the way into his throat, and the teen reached forward to take his twin brother's cock.

"Yesssssss!" Jerry sighed, fighting the tendency to curse. "Ohhhhh, beautiful! Beautiful! Suck my cock, Jack! Suck me!"

Jack thrust his prick deep into the man's throat, fucking as hard as he could, the prince moaning with pleasure beneath him. The teen fought for balance against his brother, Jerry kept from toppling by the great prick in his ass. He could feel the prince's cock trembling there, the sensations as it twitched against his intestinal lining. The man seemed content, however, to do nothing more than just hold himself in the non-active position, his cheeks hollowing as he drew down against the teen in his mouth.

"OHHHHHHH! YES! YES! SUCK ME! SUCK!"

Jack moaned against Jerry's throbbing cock, sucking it with all of his strength, working his throat against it, using all of the tricks of the mouth he had learned this summer to draw his twin brother to quick arousal, to almost instant ejaculation. Suddenly Jerry stabbed up against Jack's head, rising two inches on the cock penetrating his rectum, and blasted his cum.

"OH, YEAH! GUH... GAH... OHHHHHHH!"

Three times he nearly slipped, three times he caught himself, knowing that it was necessary not to offend this strange little man. The teen pumped up and down against the cock in his rectum, bruising the prince's pelvic when his ass fell. The man gasped his pleasure about Jack's throbbing prick, and gasped again as the teen came off Jerry's cock and pushed his face down against the prince's belly, pumping out his own spending.

"OHHHHHHH, JEEEEEEE-YAGGHHHUHHH! YAAAAAAA!"

Jerry laughed as he heard Jack switch words in mid-yell, twisting his ass against the still-throbbing cock in his groin. He could feel the prince all the

way up in the top of his intestines, his guts aching pleasurably with the sensation.

"OH OH OH YES! COMING! I'M COMING!"

Jack's cry inflamed the man beneath him. The prince grabbed the teen's hips, forcing him to pump harder as the thick sweet youthful semen spilled out, coursing over his tongue to be swallowed into his stomach.

Jack could feel the working of the man's digestive system beneath his belly, flat against the prince now, his head pushed between Jerry's thighs and banging his twin's balls. He pumped, and again, and sighed as he died.

"OHHHHHHH, YES! Yesssssss!"

And now the prince began to pound up against the teens, against their weight, his hips thrusting Jerry above him, his cock harder than before as his hands lay flat against the floor, trembling. He gasped air through his nostrils, dragging it down across Jack's ass crack and the teen's balls, his chest pounding with the working of his heart and his lungs as he pumped up against Jerry.

The teen bounced against the prick sliding through his ass, coming less than an inch over the man's groin, Jack's head pushing tight against his cock and crushing his balls. The teen gasped, begging.

"Oh oh oh oh Ma-as-ter! Ma-as-ter! Fu-uck me, Ma-as-ter! Fu-uck your slave!"

Jerry heard the broken rhythm of his own voice but could do nothing about it, holding onto Jack's head for dear life as the cock continued to bounce him into the air. The prince was sucking Jack again, his tongue rubbing hard against the base of the teen's shaft, trying to restore his cock to life. After a minute he succeeded, the last drops of the first spending still oozing out as the teen began to pump again, faster than before.

"MASTER! MASTER!" Jack raised his head, his thumbs digging into the princess ribs. "I'M FUCKING YOU, MASTER! YQUR SLAVE IS

FUCKING YOU!"

"OH OH OH! FU-UCK ME, MA-AS-TER! FU-UCK ME!"

Suddenly the prince slammed the heels of his hands against Jack's hips, pushing the teen's cock out of his mouth, pushing his body aside. He arched his back against Jerry's weight, turning at the same time to carry the teen over onto his back. Jerry fell heavily, but the prince, followed him, staying with the teen as he caught Jerry's thighs, forcing the teen's legs over his body. Now the man had clear entrance to the teen's asshole and began pounding deep into him with slow, measured strokes.

"OH, YES! OH, YESSSSSSS! TAKE MY COCK! TAKE IT, SLAVE!"

"Yes, Master!" cried Jerry, happily. "YESSSSSSS! FUCK ME! FUCK YOUR

SLAVE!"

The teen's back was twisted against his bound hands, but he didn't care.

The prince held himself over his captive, his slave, on stiffened arms, keeping his weight off Jerry as he rode deep, the cockhead rubbing through the whole length of the teen's intestinal lining. Jerry sighed, gasped, begged for more.

"FUCK! FUCK ME! FUCK ME, MASTER! FUCK YOUR SLAVE!"

Jack watched, jealous again of his twin's good fortune. Why couldn't that be him with that beautiful cock slamming deep into his guts? Why was Jerry always the lucky one? He got everything worth having!

"FUCK!" cried the prince. "FUCK... FUCK... SLAVES! MY SLAVES! MY BEAUTIFUL SLAVES!"

The twins gasped with pleasure, and he withdrew, moving quickly to Jack, taking the teen in the same way. He threw Jack's feet up over his shoulders, slammed his slippery cock deep, and began to thrust. The teen tightened

down against him as Jerry stared at the oozing head of his cock, coming just from the pressure of the prick sliding through his guts. Oh, God! It was wonderful! Being fucked was wonderful! Slaves were born to be fucked! He and Jack were the luckiest slaves in the world, to be slaves for beautiful men like this!

"COMING!" cried the prince, erupting. "COMING!"

He slammed his cock deep into Jack, held himself there while his balls boiled over, and spilled his seed deep into the slave. Then a long sigh escaped his lips and he fell over, between the twins. They moved closer to him, Jack's cock butting the man, Jerry's cock pushing between the cheeks of his ass.

"Beautiful!" said the prince, sighing again. "You're beautiful! And you're mine!"

"Master?" said Jerry, surprised, knowing what value Lassiter had put upon them. "Are you taking us now?"

"For half a million dollars?" blurted Jack.

The prince laughed. "No. I think I'll have you for half that at the sale.

But I'll pay as much as I must. I will have you! Both of you!"

"Will you fuck us every day?" asked Jerry, dreamily.

He laughed again. "I have seventeen sons and five wives. I'm buying you for my sons. I want them to have the very best in the world."

"Master?" Jerry pressed his lips against the prince's shoulder blade.

"Will you fuck us, too? Sometimes?"

"Perhaps. If my sons ever let me get near you." Forgetting the pain of bound wrists, the twins drifted into asleep next to their owner.

Sale day!

All of the teens remaining awoke excited on Labor Day morning. Three had been taken at the walkaway price by masters who could not wait. Yesterday all but the six oldest staff members had left with the plane, which had been ferrying buyers back. Of the hundreds of guests, almost sixty were here for the sale, although there were only twenty-eight lots to be sold.

The twins, of course, were going as one.

The slaves were given Sunday to rest up from the ordeal of the two months of fucking. It wasn't enough, but they were at least refreshed when the remaining staff members led them out of the big house early Monday morning, to where a row of steel stakes had been set into the grass near the other equipment. The teens were tied to these stakes, their hands above their heads.

"Who do you think will get you?" asked Kelvin, tied to the stake next to Jack.

"You'll be the last," said Kelvin, "'cause you'll bring the most. I wish I was twins," he added.

The staff members left, then came back a few minutes later to survey the primping on the slaves. They moved along the line of stakes with combs, fluffing haircuts and pubic bushes as well. Then they moved out of the way to permit Lassiter a final survey of his merchandise.

"A good year," said the slavemaster, nodding. "I wish they were all this good." He stopped before the twins. "Oh, yes! You've made my reputation, you two. Thanks to you I had guests this summer I never dared invite before."

He studied them a few seconds longer, and suddenly pressed his lips first to Jack's mouth and then to Jerry's. The kiss was gentle and brief, and as he drew away he caressed their cocks, sighing.

"I'll probably never have another pair like you. This will be a year to remember!"

Then the guests filed out of the house and came down to sprawl on the grass before the line of stakes. The teens scanned their faces eagerly, looking for those they remembered, wondering who was going to win them.

Kelvin gasped. "Oh, God!"

"What is it?" said Jerry.

"It's him!" cried the frightened teen. "The one who said he was going to eat me!"

Lassiter stepped out. Todd and Koch were there as well, the latter shamelessly naked, and several other men the teens had noticed about the house during the summer. The staff stood as though in anticipation of trouble.

"We're all anxious," said Lassiter, laughing. "Particularly Mr. Burton, who wants to see if he's going to have his usual Thanksgiving roast this year. So for his sake, we'll start with Kelvin; I have a thousand deposited against ten, will anyone give me eleven, thousand?"

The fat man came at a loping run, grinning as Kelvin was untied and then his hands were retied behind his back. He took the teen with him back to his seat, cupping the teen's cock as his own stood hard. He turned the teen around, forced him to sit on his cock, and began to stroke him.

"Beautiful slave! Sweet slave! Tonight you'll be on my kitchen table --

it's a nice table, with straps to hold you down while I bite off your tits and your balls and your cock!" He stroked the sobbing teen's erection. "You'll be so happy in my belly, won't you, slave? Won't you?"

"Yes, Master!" sobbed the slave, obediently.

"You want me to eat you, don't you?"

"Yes, Master! I do!"

"Then you'll be very very happy!"

The sale moved on, the other teens going very quickly at prices that pleased Lassiter. Soon only Louis was left, and then just the twins --

and the prince hadn't appeared! Worried, Jerry and Jack looked at each other.

Then it was the twins turn. Now the prince appeared, coming from the house to take his place in the midst of the buyers. Lassiter raised his hands for silence as all eyes fell on Jack and Jerry.

"Truly, gentlemen, you are about to see an unusual event. This is my tenth year of operation, during which I've sold just over three-hundred slaves, and this is my first set of twins. And such beautiful slaves!

Have any of you seen the comparison?"

Murmurs of assent rose from the crowd. "Now we have a deposit of twenty-five against two-fifty. The next bid must be two-hundred-seventy-five thousand. Do I hear two-seventy-five?"

After a moment of silence it came -- and Jerry and Jack saw the prince raise his hand. "Three-hundred!" cried Lassiter. "History in the making, gentlemen! Three-hundred-thousand dollars! Do I hear three twenty-five?"

Three-twenty-five came, and more. The bidding rose to half a million dollars before two other bidders dropped out, leaving the prince alone.

He smiled as he came to examine his merchandise.

"I could have taken them a month ago at this price."

"But worth it!" said Lassiter.

"Worth every penny," agreed the prince. "Release them, Mr. Lassiter -- no, don't tie their hands again. The slaves will not try to escape me."

The teens rubbed their wrists, shaking the strain from their arms, and moved closer to the prince, smiling shyly at him.

"Master?"

"Yes?" He lifted his balls.

"May we say thank you to Mr. Lassiter?"

"Certainly. You may kiss him, if you wish."

The teens threw their arms around the gray-haired man who had bought them from their father, who had brought them to this wonderful new life.

"Thank you, sir!" they cried together. "Thank you!"

Then they turned, the prince taking each by the hand, and moved with their master toward the plane.

THE END